LOOKING FORWARD

AMONG OTHER THINGS forced upon the attention of thoughtful Americans lately has been the trend from the country to the suburbs and from the downtown city districts to those same suburbs. Suburban America is growing at a tremendous rate, spreading out from our cities far into the country, expanding the towns nearby, reclaiming the decaying villages, searching out and remaking the abandoned farms, and filling whole valleys with modern country homes. Not much vision is required, in fact, to see that at the present rate nearly all of this country will be one great Suburbia before the turn of the century. Even the large western farms will be fenced by broad motor highways, thickly dotted by modern country houses.

TO THE CYNIC who points out that long before this can happen, every day will be Sunday so far as motor traffic is concerned, and all Americans will starve to death in their automobiles—to all such it may be answered that the airplane will take care of that. Landing fields will be as common as village greens were once. All America will be one vast Suburban Babylon.

HAND IN HAND with this expansion, experience to date indicates, will go electric power—light, heat, water-pumps, cooking, refrigerating; all the mechanical necessities of life. Single houses as well as whole communities are likely to be totally dependent on electricity, due to the rapid strides of mechanical invention. Such fuel as gasoline may vanish in favor of other and newer rivals. But electricity is likely to remain as the basic force of mechanical civilization.

FUNDAMENTALLY, it is a perception of this that lies behind the present efforts of statesmen and public spirited citizens to find some method of dealing with our whole power situation before the question becomes complicated any further. It is one with which all citizens should become acquainted as soon as possible.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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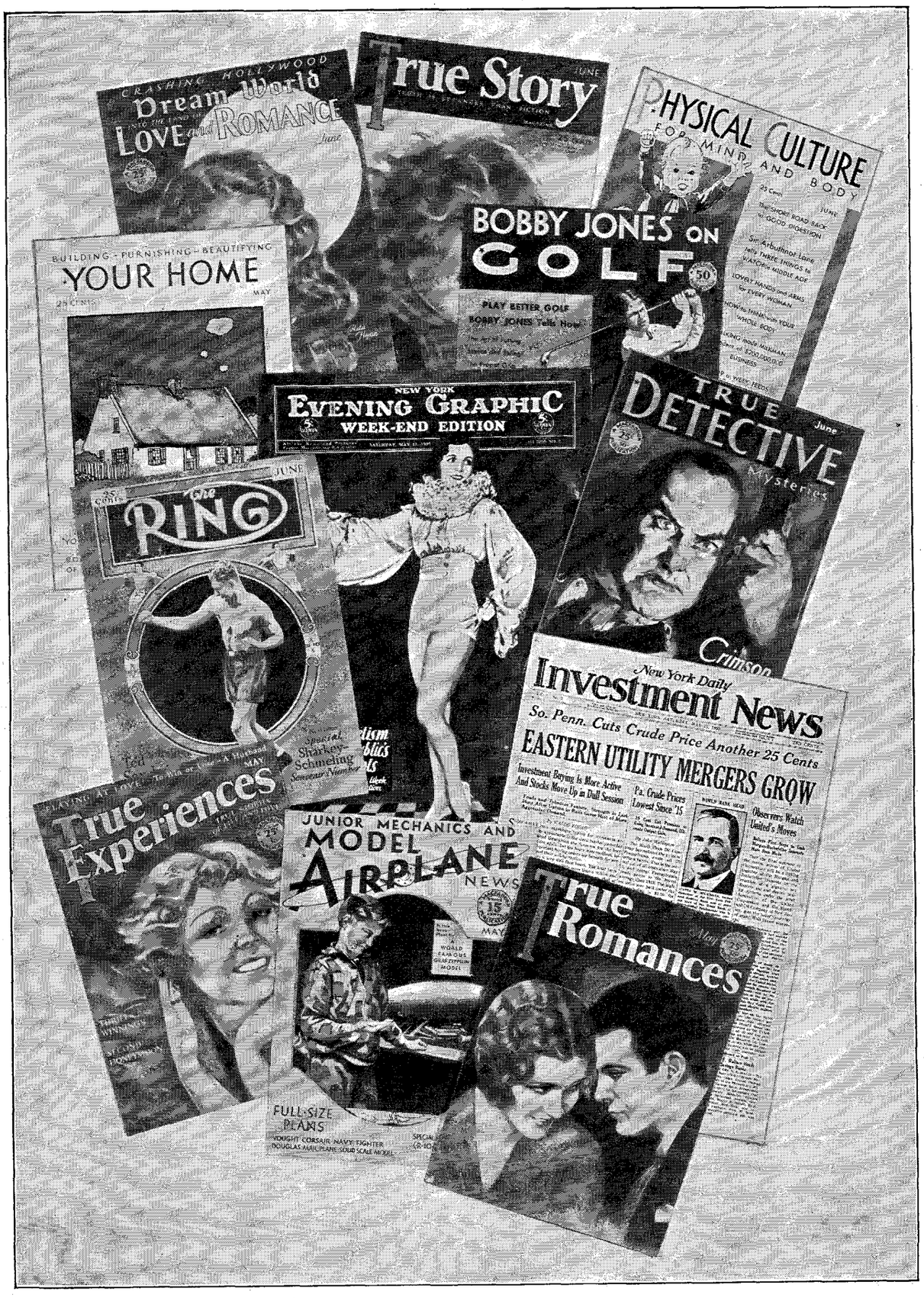

WHAT THE MOB DESIRES

A group of current Macfadden publications

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

June 4, 1930

Millions from Dumb-bells

Portrait of Bernarr Macfadden

By ALLENE TALMEY

Through "True Stories," "Physical Culture" and other magazines—through his New York tabloid, the "Evening Graphic"—Bernarr Macfadden talks to millions. Vast profits have come to him through moulding the opinions of those unreached by other publishers

OUT OF physical culture, Bernarr Macfadden has evolved a religion within whose safe confines he publicly relaxes with his famous muscles exhibited in their beautiful flexity. His flair for revealment has now been gratified by the appearance of three new volumes, ordered, censored, proof-read, and paid for by him in celebration of his own self-appraisal. The first of these, *The True Story of Bernarr Macfadden*, was written in the West Seventieth Street town house of Fulton Oursler, advisor to the Macfadden Publications, whose wife in that same establishment set down her *Chats with the Macfadden Family*. Meanwhile on a crooked Greenwich Village street, in a studio vast and dim over an art theatre, Clement Wood wrote *Bernarr Macfadden, A Study in Success*, a book first announced as *Bernarr, The Conqueror*.

Only Washington, Lincoln and Napoleon have as many as three biographies a year devoted to their careers. Macfadden has three in a single day. Although this manages to make him seem a noisy, brash athlete, he is really a quiet, casual man, small and emaciated, whose eyes have a frightened quality. So minute is his personal prestige that he actively needs these eulogistic volumes which come, like the Tiller Girls, in a row. On all sides he is pricked with criticism. Sneers are directed at him, taunts of "Body-love." He is called a hypnotic hypocrite, a nostrum vendor, a charlatan who has rationalized himself into believing in his own sincerity. Can he find no peace, no praise outside of bought biographies?

Yet it is through his own creative work that Bernarr Macfadden has built a $15,000,000 business within the past ten years, controlling thirteen nationally circulated magazines, and six daily newspapers, having a combined yearly circulation of over 220,000,000 copies. He also has a large book publishing organization, a real estate development in Bergenfield, New Jersey, and a motion picture company. All this resulted in 1928 in a net income of $1,839,848.79 before subtracting the Federal income tax. On paper such progress sounds stable and orderly. Actually it was as orderly as the retreat from Moscow. Queer and puffy, the success of Macfadden has been compounded of odd proportions of hysteria and sound Scotch-Irish business sense. Rattling and banging along with opulent circulation schemes, the whole organization, from the Macfadden Building on Broadway to the *Graphic* plant on Hudson Street, is swept with the wind storms of Macfadden's eccentricities.

Those eccentricities are so obvious that to dwell on them is an absurdity. Legs, love, pictures and moral editorials have been mentioned often enough in apostrophe with his name. To remove some of those apostrophes from the public mind, Macfadden once engaged a famous public relations counsel who, finding that the green taint would not scrape away, resigned. Macfadden was too well publicized by then. He requires that his picture appear frequently and that all actions and advertisements be a blatant card announcing his presence in the community. That incessant desire contributes much to the difficulties of his staff, while it gives him a thorough thrill. When his home was in Nyack on the Hudson, it was his practice to stride to his New York office along the twenty-mile high road, a crazy figure of a man, bareheaded and barefooted, sucking in with contentment the comments of the motorists, mocking his naked feet while they recognized him as The Macfadden of the *Graphic*.

IT IS NOT too difficult to fathom this man. In the terms of a convenient popular psychological method, Bernarr Macfadden is about fifty per cent extrovert and fifty per cent introvert, which merely means that he has the physical energy and bounding spirit to put into violent practice the introspections of his mind. With more of the former, he would have remained just a Graeco-Roman wrestler, sweating in preliminary bouts, ending up probably as head of a Chicago gymnasium, just an old man with big muscles. With more of the latter he would have been another dreaming home fanatic on health, forcing his theories only on his family. As it is he has with his purely intuitive mind, non-educated and ignorant, achieved by his trained body a notable career in his own field.

There are those who believe that Bernarr Macfadden is a definite abnormality. They read in his life such case

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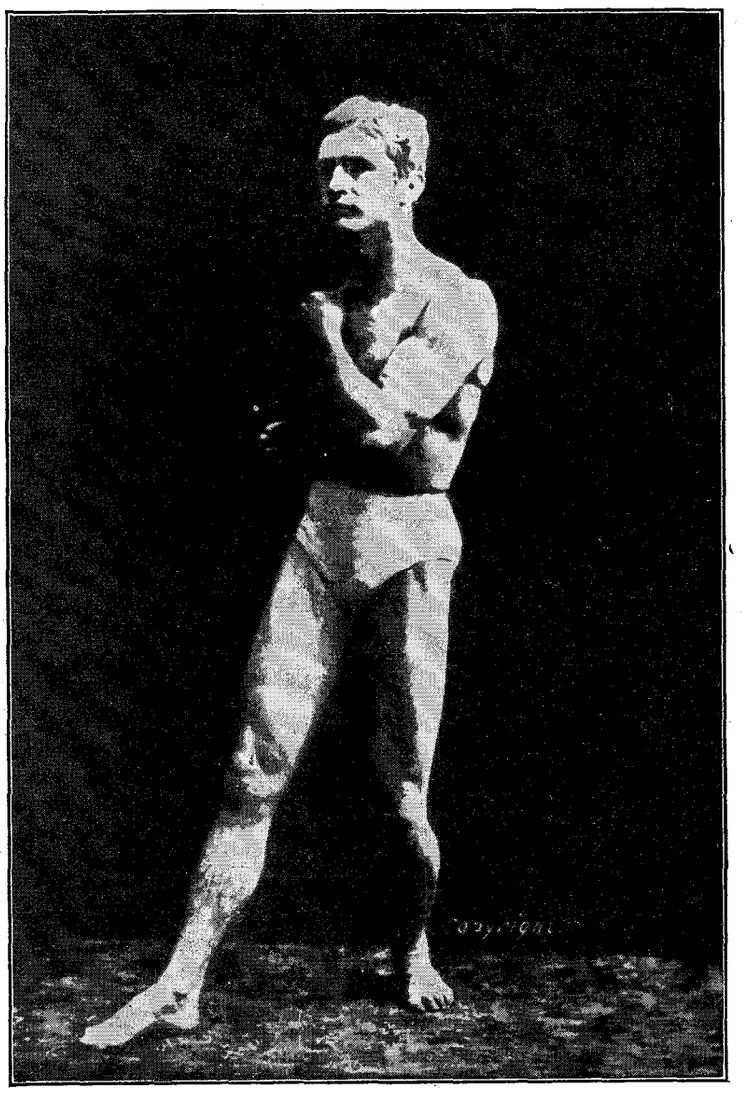
history details as the fact that he was as a child famished for affection, weak, unhealthy, and therefore unpopular. Surrounding him were normal, healthy children, happy with their parents, their brothers and sisters. He, an only child, and an orphan, felt decidedly inferior to them, turning in to himself for comfort, day dreaming, planning exploits that would prove him a great person. Nourishing a self love, he began the development, they say, of his body which he seized upon as the cause of his unpopularity. What he did not possess, he imagined; adjusting reality to his phantasies, a childish psychosis. In the process of compensating himself for the original inferiority of his heredity, he made of himself a success which he rightly takes pleasure in exhibiting, carrying that exhibitionism to a point that is sharper than the rest of us dare. He has pushed down the gates between reality and phantasy, singing all the time hymns to health with Bernarr Macfadden as the Messiah of body culture, using as one of his organs of propaganda the *Evening Graphic* which The New York Public Library refuses to place in its newspaper room, either on the racks or in the files, the only large daily in the city which is so violently ostracized.

What the directors of the Library will not countenance is just exactly what has made Macfadden so outstanding a publisher —intuitive knowledge of what the mob desires and amazing lack of good taste. Within his hardy old skull, magazines and newspapers germinate like potato eyes in warm potato hills. Realizing that publications which put health on a religious basis would bring in dividends from the faithful, he combined with a sure sense of the chemistry of human reactions, two basic human wants. Anything dealing with health will command some audience. Health raised to a fervent plane, and amply illustrated with moral mottoes and female photographs, will command an even larger audience. Bernarr Macfadden discovered that he could be piously evangelical about whole wheat bread while pointing out the luxurious roundness of a beauty winner.

He used that knowledge. He knew what he liked and he gave it to the crowd. Macfadden is The Crowd, understanding and supplying it. Just as Ellery Sedgwick, refusing to edit the *Atlantic Monthly* for a fabulous possible reading public, edited it for himself, so does Bernarr edit for himself. Just as Sedgwick pleased a small number of the intelligent, so Macfadden delighted a great group of the gullible. Professors, club women, scientific men and business executives subscribed to the magazine of the Boston editor. Servant girls, grocery clerks, housewives, mechanics, office boys, patrons of the early sleazy movies of William Fox, bought at the news-stands the publications of Macfadden.



THE EDITOR POSED AS "BOXER," VATICAN, ROME
From "Physical Culture," July 1899

The magazines trail directly back to his childhood, to his birth on a small farm about two miles distant from Mill Spring, Missouri. Sixty-two years ago, on a hot August day in 1868, Elizabeth Mary Miller, wife to John McFadden,* was delivered of a son. By the time the child was eight years old, the parents were dead. They left their young son with a legacy of a body that took on successively measles, whooping cough, colic, croup, mumps, chicken pox, diphtheria and pneumonia. At sixteen, the boy, who had been adopted by a farmer, ran off to St. Louis and joined a gymnasium. Small, lithe, the farm boy turned endless somersaults in that gymnasium, boxed with other farm boys, grappled on the mat for knee holds, scissor grips and half holds until he was a proficient Graeco-Roman wrestler. These days, in his great rambling stucco house at Englewood, N. J., he tells his six children how he entered the lightweight national tournament and came out victorious, how he vanquished Chicago's welterweight champion in four minutes; how he challenged the heavyweight champion of Chicago, a husky, named Frank Whitmore, who was down on the canvas in ninety-one minutes. That life, however, was for him much too simple. It is a quirk of his mind that he prefers to call ordinary things by extraordinary words. Just as that department in a newspaper office which is known as the library, or the morgue is known at the *Graphic* as The Archives, so back there in Chicago, he objected to calling himself a fighter. Henceforth he was a "kinistherapist."

*The son, christened Bernard McFadden, later changed his name to Bernarr Macfadden.

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With fifty dollars, earned as a fighter, the kinistherapist moved to New York, not to open a gymnasium, but to start a studio of physical culture, remarkable mainly for a massage reducer which he had invented. To advertise this exerciser, a pamphlet was issued in 1899, selling for a nickel, and containing within its small pages a serial, *The Athlete's Conquest,* illustrated by pictures of "Professor B. McFadden in Classical Poses." Along with these photographs of the athlete, nude except for the usual belt, there were advertisements for various disease cures, for McFadden's Hair Culture; with invitations to buy booklets on Delicate Subjects, the purchase being advised by various old ladies and by ancient gentlemen with respectable beards. Nowhere in the pamphlet did Macfadden mention where he had obtained either his professorship or his medical knowledge.

Called *Physical Culture,* the tiny magazine prospered more than the reducer until at last the magazine had first place in the interests of its owner who puffed out the features, added photographs of women exercising in long black tights, and put in a column of health advice, a subject on which he has always been exceedingly voluble. Just as matters were adjusting themselves, Anthony Comstock raided the small office of Macfadden, netting nothing of salacious value, but so upsetting the publisher that he founded not long afterwards Physical Culture City at Helmetta, N. J. Once again trouble with a vice committee interfered with his plans. This time he was arrested and charged with sending lewd and obscene matter through the mails. It appeared that the magazine was running a popular serial on syphilis, called *Wild Oats.* Bernarr received a sentence of two years imprisonment and gave a forfeit of $2000. After many appeals, the sentence was remitted, but the Government kept the fine.

In spite of such difficulties, the magazine grew in circulation, money orders constantly arriving for the booklets whose titles reveal the vast extent of Macfadden's learning. There were booklets on asthma, hayfever, colds, coughs and catarrh, constipation and diabetes, digestive troubles, fasting, foot troubles, gaining weight, reducing weight, headaches, baby care, cooking, rheumatism, skin troubles, eyes, teeth and tuberculosis. One of the most popular held the enticing secret, "Predetermine Your Baby's Sex."

The theories of Macfadden made of his magazine a fighting, courageous publication. Through pictures, advice and editorials, it advocated wholesome diets, the release of the female form from corsets, and the opening of windows at night, all this in a period when whalebones were unquestioned, heavy long meals popular, and windows in the cold weather were nailed down. Incessantly the fleshless little editor shouted that men and women needed exercise, more exercise.

Wide World

Walking to work

It was not until his anti-medical theories grew importunate within his blazing crusading consciousness that he ran into the wall of opposition. With no medical school education, Bernarr Macfadden undertook to refute the methods of the physicians. To one of his booklets he added an appendix, giving the cures of all diseases, prescribing wet packs, fasting, colonic irrigations and specified exercises in varying proportions for each one. Pneumonia, typhoid fever and gastric fever had almost identical treatments. As time went on his attacks on medicine grew more militant. Starting as one opposed to vaccination, he finally found himself with his abnormal intensity opposed to the entire germ theory. At this particular moment he is battling inoculation of diphtheria serum which the Health Department of the city of New York has been advocating most passionately.

While he screams at drugs and doctors, most of his violence is directed at modern diets. His best field is nutrition where his ideas are as sound and balanced as the meals composed in his excellent Early American Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition in the Graybar Building in New York. There in a model kitchen, a finely equipped chemical laboratory and testing room for household appliances, perfect menus are planned and broadcasted. It just happens that at his home the meals occasionally fall short of his ideals. Although he insists on the cook grinding the wheat for the bread in the kitchen, Mrs. Macfadden upsets nutritional values and caloric contents of the meals by insisting on her favorite dessert of pies thick with voluptuous whipped cream.

Before all this, while he was still arguing against the corset, letters came to *Physical Culture* telling amazing tales of married life, of frustrations. From these there evolved the idea of publishing the *True Story* magazine, now the milch cow of his herd of thirteen magazines, the giver of vast earnings. Back in 1912 while touring England with his bride, Mary Williamson, champion swimmer and runner, whom he had first picked in a contest as "the most perfect specimen of English womanhood," Macfadden conceived the new magazine. He discovered what the intellectual editors call human documents. He just called them true stories. His documents now tell of sexual disasters, of young love which dared, of what one woman did "so that the man she loved might come into his own," of girls who

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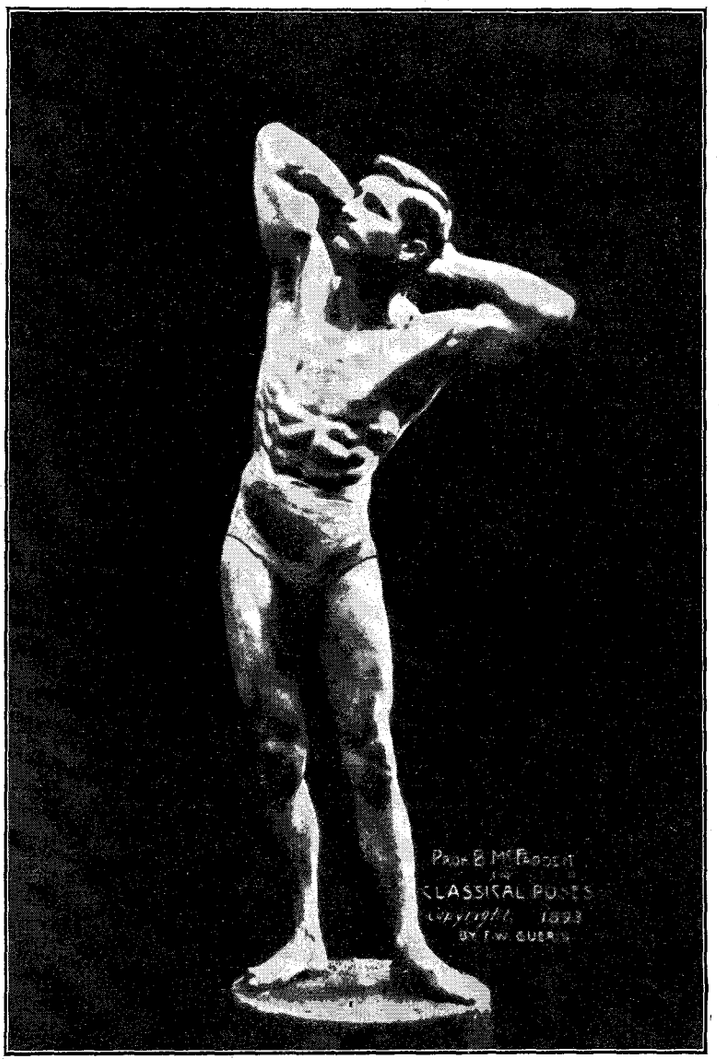
lured men with their beauty, of wives who competed with flapper secretaries, of typists who must decide whether to reveal their past indiscretions to their bridegrooms. Since the tales are badly written, peopled with the lower middle class, they carry a thrilling sense of reality to millions of readers.

Those readers keep pure and undefiled by constantly purging themselves in the pages of his publications. Since all of us are afraid of sex, and since no person on whom civilization has laid a warning touch can be sexually free, phantasies take up the slack. Macfadden prints those phantasies. Out of day dreams come his *True Stories*. Working on the theory that if love really makes the world go round, that energy should be ultilized for his benefit, Bernarr Macfadden decided to provide the catharsis for the sex urge of the multitude. The fancies at last were precipitated into a formula, a practical easy formula involving great quantities of seduction.

Bolstering the value of the seductions are the reiterations that every single one of them is an actual occurrence. At the home office of the magazine they say that an affidavit must accompany each story, affirming the honesty of the writer, and sealed by a notary public. Once arrived in the editorial rooms, the story, they continue, is then read by five clergymen, all with pulpits and congregations. No story may be rewritten and all profanity must be deleted. Thousands of stories are delivered, complete with these trappings, from all parts of the country. Professional writers also supply many of the published stories, accepting two cents a word. In their final form, however, the pieces are the recipients of the official blessings of the Rev. Welles Keeler who incidentally lent his benediction a year or so ago to the Lonely Hearts Ball, a party sponsored by *The Evening Graphic* for circulation purposes.

That Macfadden is unquestionably correct in his method of story selection is proved by the fact that the magazine has a monthly circulation of over two and a quarter million copies with single issues sometimes carrying as much as $315,000 paid advertising matter. A half a million dollars is handed over the news stands each month, which, added to advertising payments, means a monthly revenue of over $800,000 from this great golden racket whose success led eventually to the formation of the newspaper which has brought on his vibrant head the most scorn.



THE EDITOR AS HE APPEARS IN ONE OF HIS CLASSICAL POSES
From "Physical Culture," April 1899

In 1924 there appeared the pink sheeted *Graphic* whose editorials were signed Bernarr Macfadden. The *Graphic* lured readers with composite photographs of intimacies in the lives of the notorious, vending later the by-play of Edward Browning and his Peaches, the amours of Alice Jones and Leonard Kip Rhinelander. Respectable citizens were alarmed; then a new group of readers began to purchase it on Mondays, a group which knew that the majority of readers were moronic, but who read the paper for Walter Winchell's trick columns wherein were recorded the biological events of the town, the new mistresses, babies, secret brides, separations, divorces, yearnings, fights, engagements. Without reticence Winchell whispered the sex life of the night clubs and the drawing rooms, while on the back page Macfadden preached that a splendid America would result from our splendid wholesome mental life, our bodies beautiful.

Not only does Bernarr Macfadden believe in a splendid America, but he also makes obeisance to American motherhood and to American womanhood, his piety towards females being very profitable. A new managing editor of the *Graphic* found once that when he removed the art photographs of nude show girls from the Saturday night front page, he simultaneously removed himself from office. It was not, however, the editor's first offense. Heralded as a stalwart journalist, the editor had begun with a series of reforms. The first had been the abandonment of the Lonely Hearts Ball, his second the throwing out of the paper of a column of medical advice written by a man whose doctorate had been obtained from a Bernarr Macfadden Physical Culture Course, his third the cessation of attacks on diphtheria serum, and his fourth the cleansing of news stories. It all ended with the gentleman reserving passage for Europe while another man took over his duties, read the rule that there be no smoking because "it clashes with our ideals and jeopardizes our insurance," and ran the tabloid along the channel ordered by the

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▶▶ Jobs After Motherhood ◀◀

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

CURIOUSLY enough it is husbands who have phrased this problem to me. A young scientist who was recently married said to me: "Ruth has resigned her position to stay at home because we want a family. She thinks she can give up twenty years to motherhood and housekeeping and then, if she wishes, go back to her work. She has, as you know, a fine mind, well trained. She would make a good college professor or an expert research worker now. But will she, after spending these twenty years at motherhood?"

A similar question is engaging the attention of many young married women today. "How," they ask themselves, "can we hope after a lapse of years to compete with women and men who have never left their places in the business world?" They look about and see their mothers, now that their children have left home, sitting unhappily with empty hands and bemoaning the fact that they are too old to take up other work. "What is to prevent us," they cry, "from finding ourselves twenty years from now doing the same thing?"

Yet what other course can they pursue? They know that a family, in spite of all the improvements in housekeeping, will occupy their time as it did their mothers'. They note, if at all self-analytical, that they are daily becoming immersed in details that divert their interest from their erstwhile professions and businesses. They even fear at times that their minds are losing their alertness. All the time they see women who have not married, or who at marriage did not give up work, forging steadily ahead in the professional and business world and, what is even more alarming, younger women coming in to take the places they abandoned. "How," they say, "can we hope at thirty-five or forty to be fit for a job or, if fit, to find one?"

The number of young wives who so express themselves is very large. Nor is it composed only of women who yearn for a career or want to return to a job when their families are reared. It includes those who note the loneliness of the deserted mothers they see about them who have little to do but recall yearningly the days when their children were small or annoy their daughters and sons-in-law by trying to live again in their lives. Some of them would never take a paid job. Yet it is true that they can not look forward with any equanimity to meeting their mother's fate.

The situation does not seem to me entirely hopeless. Many a husband has found it necessary to take a job that seemed to lead nowhere beyond the pay check and yet has been able to make it a stepping stone to larger opportunities. Many another, finding himself in a blind-alley job, has been able outside of working hours to prepare himself for another profession or business.

IS THERE NOT a suggestion here for these women? Take, for instance, the situation of the wife of my scientist friend, Ruth. There are many men who must spend as many hours per day teaching or editing, for instance, as her housewifely tasks demand who have managed some way to find a few hours each day to read and study some specific subject on which they hoped to become an authority or about which to write a book "some day." Why should she not devote what margin of leisure she can achieve to some kind of research work which could make her, when her time and services are again on the market, invaluable to some college or foundation? Even if she can salvage only a few hours per day or is interrupted by illness and family demands, the long stretch of twenty years ahead of her ought to total enough to enable her to master some subject.

Many brains, of course, are incapable of engaging successfully at the same time on two lines of work that have no point of contact between them. The care of a family and a serious mastery of some abstruse subject dealing with literature, for instance, have little in common. They call for the exercise of different faculties. They require a different training. The knowledge necessary for success in the one is entirely different from the knowledge required by the other. It may be hard for Ruth to jump from one to the other. What she does as housekeeper will develop in her the habit of routine work and her creative faculties, unless very strong and virile, may suffer. She may find it impossible when she becomes absorbed with some subject to shut it out of her mind and so her housework will suffer.

I have known persons with a layer-mind who could keep two jobs going at the same time, by using one layer, as it were, for one job, and another for the second job. I have known others with the pigeon-hole mind which can at will stick one subject of interest out of sight and pull another out. Mothers with such minds are fortunate. To them, study would merely be what some one called recreation—a change of occupation. But the mother afflicted with what has been called the one-track mind will find it impossible to raise a family and carry on serious study on another subject during the same years. If Ruth has that kind of mind, she had better recognize it at once else she will win success in neither and in addition probably develop headaches.

Here I had better pause to answer an objection that will, I feel sure, be made. "Few," I can hear some reader saying, "are the Ruths who can study to be college professors, write books, or become research workers. What about those of us who have had less education and whose ambitions are more limited?"

Well, there are thousands of young matrons who, before their marriages, were stenographers or secretaries. One of them told me the other day that she was taking a university extension course in economics. When I asked her why, she answered something like this: "My last job was in a railroad office where I did form letters. It occurred to me that if I knew something of the theory of economics and understood some of the problems of railroads I could, if need ever came for me to earn my living again, qualify as secretary to a railroad official. I've found it so fascinating that I am going on with other courses. There are sure to be men writing books, or attached to some industrial corporation, who would find me more useful than a younger woman who brings them only an acquaintance with fish-hooks and a typewriter."

A college professor once told her sophomore girls: "It is time to begin now to decide what you will do when you are fifty." I would amend it to say: "It is time when the honeymoon is over, young housewives, and you pick up your first dishcloth, to decide what you will do when your last child has left home."

But suppose the young wife is afflicted with that one-track mind. What then? How is she to begin this preparation for future years while she is absorbed by the duties of each day? Is it

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not possible that housewifery itself could be done in such a way as to serve as training for some work that could later be commercialized?

Women like to think that housework with its round of trivial duties estops their mental competency. There is no question that many college and business trained women find its routine stultifying. But many men make the same complaint about their jobs, and then other men doing the very same kind of work hit upon some invention or find a shorter cut in routine or make a change in process or procedure that leads them into another and bigger job. They are the men who succeed. It is not unthinkable that housewives putting trained brains to work might discover ways to revolutionize housework. It has long been a matter of comment that so few housewives have invented household appliances, designed new furniture, or made improvements in domestic architecture; or that some of them, dealing with the servant problem, have not made some contributions of real importance towards the solution of it. A scientifically trained mind could, one might conclude, make a kitchen serve as a laboratory, a garden as an experiment station.

Sometimes employees in commercial houses, or manufacturing plants, given only routine jobs, so master their employers' business that they are able after a period of years to become competitors of their sometime employers. Is it unthinkable that a woman of the same kind and amount of ability who has cooked three meals a day for a growing family for many years could so master the subject of food values, costs, processes that she would be able to organize some food-providing business that could compete with her erstwhile housekeeper's job? Or, supplementing her experience in child-rearing with a study of psychology, commercialize her knowledge?

THE REASON why housewives so seldom utilize their housekeeping experience in the way many men utilize their jobs—namely, as stepping stones, preparation, or opportunity—is obvious. They do not undertake their job with the intention of using it so. It is natural, of course, that the housewife should not. There is nothing in her tradition, nor in the social attitude towards housekeeping, to suggest that she so approach it. The man with the routine job sees other men who have used their jobs in that way. The housewife has no models whom she may imitate. Every interview given out by successful business men, every article in success magazines, every salesman for correspondence courses, suggests the possibility to him. It has not been suggested to women. The possible rewards are ever in plain view of the man. For business is already organized to take advantage of what he can offer. He has but to fit into a system. The woman, on the other hand, who would undertake to make housekeeping a stepping stone would have to discover or invent her opportunity to make it profitable. She would need to "create her market." But pioneering always requires more initiative, more courage, more determination, and more ability than fitting into a scheme. Yet once women with these qualities have done the pioneering, the system would develop to make use of what they had to offer. Their successors would have only to fit into it.

Any woman who has ever built a house and tried to get an architect or workman to accept her ideas will understand what I mean. It is as difficult for her to get the men who control the business of building to adopt them as for a non-union man to get a job as carpenter. The idea is fixed that there is a wide chasm between the world of execution and the world of the housekeeper. Hers to accept, its to create. Yet times are changing. A lumberman said to me the other day: "Hereafter our customers will be women. I am teaching my men that it is women's tastes, women's desires, women's ideas that we must cater to." I doubt, however, if it has ever occurred to him to employ women salesmen, or women designers. But that, too, may come.

Men, slow as they are to make room for women in their crafts and inclined as they are to keep women to their traditional routine work, will always respond to the lure of profit. If they can see dividends resulting from them, business men will become hospitable to the inventions and the changes suggested by women. If and when they do, we may expect to see housekeeping become more of a business, more of a stepping stone to further openings, more productive of new ideas.

There will still, however, remain the homemaker's handicap of isolation. Men, no matter what their job, are thrown daily with other men. This contact spurs them on. They see what others are doing. They borrow ideas and devolop them further. Friction hardens their determination, brings out qualities they did not know they had. Comparison gives them a standard of values. Competition urges them forward. They have a communal experience to draw on. The woman working in the home has only her own experience or that handed down by her mother. She has no way of knowing how she compares with other housewives. There is no spur of competition, for her job is assured her regardless of how poorly she does it.

But if the housekeeper were to look upon this job as a stepping stone to further openings, if she undertook to get out of it experience and training that she might some day sell, if she were on the look-out for things she might invent and ways she might improve processes, she would be forced to some extent into competition. In order to see their commercial possibilities she would want to measure her results by those of others. So she would seek out other women having the same end in view. She would try to discover markets for her ideas. So she would get in touch with the buyers of them. To be explicit, if it were a new kitchen arrangement she had in mind she would make contacts with plumbers and carpenters; if it were a new process of cooking, she would discuss it with other cooks to see how they reacted to it, or with food manufacturers; if it were a new educational idea, she would approach educators. When she did so she would find she was not a monopolist of ideas. Then competition would do for her what it does for men.

WHAT HAS done more, however, to make motherhood a blind-alley job than any other one thing is, I am inclined to think, the social life required of housewives. It takes a great deal of determination and much independence for a young woman who begins housekeeping to be different from all her friends. She may when she is married intend to take her housekeeping seriously as a stepping stone, to use her margin of leisure to continue her musical or French or historical studies. But before she knows it she finds her housekeeping interrupted or her leisure utilized by clubs or bridge or guests or visitors or telephone talks. It is taken for granted that a housewife may be interrupted willy-nilly at any time by any one; that she may be had on demand for any call to church or public service such as drives, canvasses, ticket-selling, socials or kermesses. It is assumed that she shall accept any number of afternoon or noontime invitations and return all the courtesies they involve. She is expected

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to spend a large part of her time on daylight social affairs although why she should play both day and night and her husband only at night no one knows. Not only does this deprive her of leisure for any undertakings of her own, but it inevitably makes for deficiency in housekeeping. Before she knows it she, like the others, is doing it with her hands and not with her head, "on the side" between the other demands upon mind, energy and time.

Nor does this apply to one small group or kind of young women. It probably includes every young woman who could or would prepare herself for work outside the home after her children grow up, the golfists, the bridge players, the clubbers and even those who visit over back fences. It probably applies to every young married college woman. If women are seriously to consider using either their housework or their leisure for preparation for middle-age, extra-home activities, they must in some way band together to insist that housekeeping be considered a business with business hours. This would mean an entire change in our American scheme of society as now practiced. Daylight social life would have to be abandoned instead of being considered, as it now is, as the inevitable part of a housewife's life.

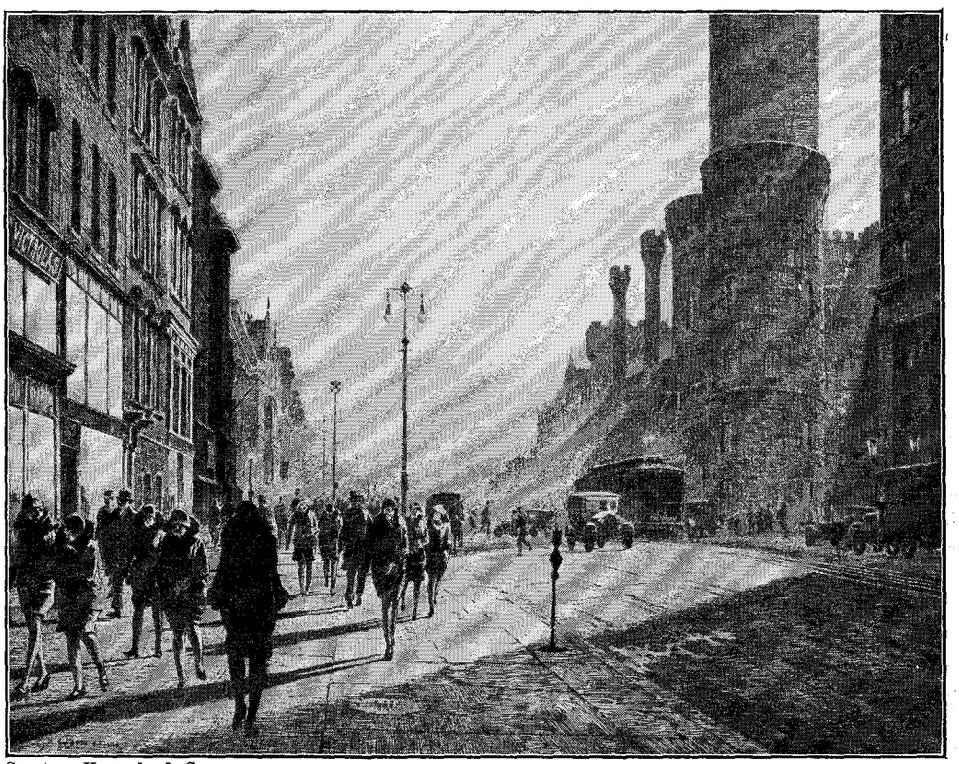
It should seem obvious to any one that two clubs, four parties, a drive, a committee-meeting (to be moderate) a week will not fit into any schedule designed for a woman who takes her housekeeping as a stepping stone or is preparing for another job after forty. For such activities will fit a woman for nothing except to be as bored when she reaches forty as her mother is now. When she finds herself so, however, let her charge this boredom off, not to the routine-nature of the housewife's job, nor to its demands on her time, nor to what her children demanded of her, but to that which kept her from training, namely, to the fact that she wasted herself or let others waste her on trivialities.

Most men spend their first forty years building, planning towards a future realization. It is only after forty that they reap their harvests. But they devote all their powers, energy and time to that end. Such society as they enjoy is accepted merely as diversion, not as a vocation or avocation as it is with so many women today. If women did the same they, too, might come to look towards forty instead of fearing its approach or ignoring its inevitability.

Here some reader may with pertinacity inquire: "Where are all these women to find openings in the business world?" adding the incontrovertible statement that if all the women of a generation should offer themselves when their children left home, the employment market would be glutted.

We must remember that not all the middle-aged women of any one generation will seek employment in the business world. Not all of those who seek it will be qualified. The hard law of survival of the fittest will work as it does with their younger brothers and sisters. Only those women will be successful who have something to offer that the commercial world needs or considers valuable. What each woman has to offer must depend in the last analysis on her native ability and what she has been able to make of it. If women of forty were, in the vulgar parlance, "the better buy," they would find a market for their wares.

I would not be understood as saying that every married woman should look forward to entering the business world when her children leave home. The problem of those who already desire to do so and find motherhood preventing is that which I have been discussing. Their number is very large and will yearly increase. To realize this we have only to listen to the conversation of the middle-aged women everywhere. They are expressing envy of those women who have other interests than motherhood; they are discussing their own qualifications to enter business or bewailing their lack of equipment to do so.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

QUARTER OF NINE: SATURDAY'S CHILDREN
Etching by Martin Lewis

Nor do I think that the paid job is the only way out of this blind alley. I place a high value on unremunerated labor, myself—what may be called the profits of leisure. But this is a commercial age. The test of success set by most men is that of making money. The women who live with these men and in this age have naturally adopted that as the standard. When the family was the social unit, to be the consort of the head of that unit, sharing majesty, was really a career. Even as dowager-queen the mother had an importance and a job.

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They Do Escape

By DESMOND HOLDRIDGE

IF A CONDEMNED man were given the opportunity to name his place of incarceration he would do well to choose the Devil's Island colony, in French Guiana, for it is doubtful if there is a penal settlement in the world where the chances of escape are so good and the percentage of successful breaks so high. This is contrary to popular belief; nevertheless, it is true. If the convict has friends or a family that will finance him to the extent of five hundred dollars, American, only the lack of an ordinary degree of prudence and an ability to paddle a good sized canoe over the most placid area in the whole Atlantic Ocean, can prevent him from reaching Venezuela and freedom. If he has neither friends nor family he can still tackle the jungle and if he can sing and laugh, the primitive people he meets will help him on his way. His chances of success are less than those of the man who goes by the sea route—the difficulties are great—but they are still infinitely better than those of a convict in an American prison.

So numerous have the escapes from Devil's Island been that the Venezuelans dwelling on the banks of the Orinoco have a special word to designate the fugitives that they so often meet; they are all termed Cayenneros. Venezuela has no extradition treaty with France so the big, sparsely inhabited republic is the vision of Paradise to every prisoner in French Guiana and the broad Orinoco the highway to liberty. It is an incredibly much used highway.

Venezuela offers the fleeing outcast even more than liberty; she offers him the chance to bury himself in her thousands of miles of unexplored jungle, where he can make a living by washing the gold and diamonds in her streams or by bleeding the balata trees in her forests. If his crime has not been one that will make him the object of continual persecution by influential countrymen, she offers him the chance to accumulate wealth and attain a place of power within her borders. Most of all, she offers him the chance to return to France some day, for the escaped men seem to love their mother country as fiercely and constantly as if the horror of Devil's Island had never existed.

The statement that five hundred dollars will get a man out of Devil's Island may seem far fetched on the face of it but in the words of a Cayennero that told me of his sea escape, "the jailers are less honest than the prisoners."

This man I met in the tiny town of Pedernales, located on the edge of the crocodile-ridden, mosquito-cursed Orinoco Delta. The sleepy little village dozes in the blast of the sizzling Orinoco sun and its people are indolent folk, prone to look on life with a tolerant eye. Among these mixed blooded people, the finely chiseled features of the French criminal were like a signpost that proclaimed his foreign origin. The fact that he spoke excellent Spanish made me curious about him, for Spanish spoken with a French accent is even more noticeable than English with a French accent.

The explanation of his faultless Spanish, however, was quite simple. He had been born in the Argentine of French parents, and until his eleventh year, had lived there. His parents then thought it time that he go back to France for schooling. He spent four years in a French school and then August, 1914, came. The war spirit ran through the school and the sight of his class mates in uniform infected him with it. He lied about his age and became a poilu.

That part had been high romance but soon he was at the front and, with the rest of the French army, made that heart breaking retreat before the grey fighting machine. By the time they reached the Marne, the sight and smell of death had sickened him and he wanted nothing but to be away from it all and back with his mother. After all he was only fifteen and not even French.

It is amazing the desperate courage that a man will display in seeking to flee from a fight. The French army turned to live or die on the banks of the little stream and no one was permitted to leave his place in the ranks without a written permit. Determined to reach Paris and hide himself from the crash of artillery, the boy rushed past several sentries, shouting that his company had been three days without food and that he was going for provisions. The ruse worked.

It worked until he met two officers who refused to be put off by his sketchy explanation. He tried to brush by them and they drew their automatics. Unfortunately for them, they were going to the front and the safety devices on their weapons were in operation. He was coming from the front and his gun was ready for instant use.

A moment later, a squad of soldiers found him standing, automatic in hand, over the bodies of the two officers that he had shot.

Of course, had it not been for his extreme youth the fact of his

The illustrations in this article are by Beth Krebbs Morris from Blair Niles' story "Condemned to Devil's Island," published by Harcourt, Brace

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foreign birth, he would have been placed before a firing squad. As it was, these considerations and a freak of justice, possible only in wartime, led to his being sentenced to life imprisonment, at hard labor, in Guiana.

Wartime conditions also made it necessary to keep him in a French prison until several years after the Armistice and then, he was transported to Devil's Island. All told, he spent two years in the colony and part of the time was on one of the islands off the coast. It was from St. Laurent, however, that he made his escape, though it could have been as easily effected from the islands.

His father in Buenos Ayres succeeded in getting five hundred dollars to him and five hundred dollars is the standard fee for a de luxe escape. For this sum the jailers will supply convicts with a large canoe equipped with a sail and food and water sufficient to see them to the mouth of the Orinoco. The methods of bribing the jailers differ but it is obvious that if they can be bribed at all, they can be bribed in such a manner that the performance of their side of the bargain is insured.

This Franco-Argentine joined forces with four other prisoners who had also subscribed the necessary five hundred dollars and on a dark night they were released and led to the waiting canoe. The jailers with whom they conspired warned them that they must now depend on themselves and be far away by morning, for a determined search would be made for them.

The conditions for a sea escape are excellent, as a visit to Guiana or a study of the United States Hydrographic Office's pilot charts will show. All night long their paddles thrust the canoe on its way to freedom and added to their urge was the trade wind in the bellying sail and the drift of the great Equatorial Current. They had no storms to worry about; a gale is virtually unknown in this part of the Atlantic. The trade wind never shifts and the sea is always smooth except for long, lazy swells that offer no dangers to even the smallest craft.

Twelve days of broiling beneath the equatorial sun and twelve nights of sailing over a sea illumined by a brilliant tropical moon brought them to the Venezuelan boundary and they headed into the maze of streams into which the Orinoco is broken at its mouth. When they reached Pedernales, the Argentine and one other man decided to stay there; the rest continued up stream with the intention of going to Caracas.

I became quite intimate with this man and made a point of questioning him about the food and living quarters at Devil's Island for I had always heard of its horrors. He, however, made light of them. The food was poor but not nearly so bad as in the prisons in France. The main trouble with the quarters had been overcrowding but, likewise, the French prisons had been as bad and sometimes worse. And they were allowed a degree of freedom that made the Devil's Island colony far preferable to say nothing of offering numerous chances of escape. The last that I saw of this man who had fled from the Battle of the Marne he was very drunk and singing La Marseillaise at the top of his voice.

I met the other man who had stayed in Pedernales and found him a totally different type. He spoke the mechanically perfect English of the highly educated foreigner and why he had been sentenced to Devil's Island, I never learned. But that he will be an important figure in that part of Venezuela, I have no doubt. Already he was operating a saw mill and gaining the respectful admiration of the unmachine-minded peasantry about him.

About fifty miles back in the swamps of the Orinoco Delta is Tucapita, the capital of the territory. It has a population of nearly two thousand and, now and then, it may be seen marked on maps of the region. Several Cayenneros were living there during the summer of 1926 and they were a source of considerable embarrassment to the Jefe Civil and the Governor of the province. Scores of escaped convicts that have passed through Tucapita have often taken advantage of the hospitable Venezuelans by stealing canoes and food and by annoying their women folk. As a result, where they were once welcomed they are now merely tolerated and hurried up stream.

Two of these Cayenneros in Tucapita I strongly suspect of having stolen my passports, a deed that threw me into the company of the escaped men far more than I relished for I was no longer able to prove that I myself was not a convict. Another had married a Venezuelan woman and made a living by repairing all of the few mechanical devices in town.

One man I remember in particular. His macabre story fully exemplifies the difficulties of a jungle escape. When I first saw him, he was painting blue flowers on the whitewashed adobe walls of the governor's residence. A few moments watching him convinced me that he was accustomed to painting more than flowers for every move betrayed trained artistic ability.

To any one accustomed to primitive

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people the man's eyes told quite plainly why he had been in Devil's Island. The same odd mixture of timidity and arrogance that one sees in the bold but somehow secretive eyes of the savage was to be seen in his and that look marks the man who cannot be moulded to civilization. He is almost certain to run afoul of the established customs of his people. A few centuries ago the expression of his eyes, now a veritable mark of Cain, would have been the outward token of qualities that would have made him a great man. Today, they had made him a convict.

The notion struck me before I heard his story, but the grisly tale was fit background for such a character. He was one of a party of fourteen that had plunged into the jungles of French Guiana, resolved to reach Venezuela overland. They were fortunate in gaining the friendship of the Bush Negroes in Dutch Guiana and, little by little, they worked across that colony and into British Guiana. Somewhere there, they were delayed at an Indian village while waiting for a chance to accompany a traveling party of aborigines. Becoming impatient, they foolishly decided to follow the Indian trail alone. From that point on their story is an Odyssey.

An Indian trail is a faint, ghost-like affair that no white man can follow. Soon they were floundering in a sinister tangle of fantastic vegetation. For the first time in their lives, these civilized Frenchmen met cold nature-law that turns the same serenely implacable face to cursing, pleading and cajoling as it remorselessly kills all life that does not meet its standards of fitness. A few days of it and they were starving. A couple were overtaken by fever and left to perish. Several more succumbed to hunger.

Popular imagination makes it impossible for the jungle traveler to starve since the bush is supposed to be filled with various wild fruits. As a matter of fact, the South American jungle is destitute of edible plant life. If the Indians are not met and he carries no supplies, that traveler starves.

Faced with the prospect of a miserable death for all, the remainder of the party drew lots and slew one of their number to serve as food for the survivors of the gamble. It was a horrible business; the loser repudiated the agreement and tried to escape his fate by fleeing. His fellows fell upon him like famished wolves and literally tore him limb from limb. For a whole day they feasted on their comrade and then resumed their blind hacking through the jungle with packages of smoked human flesh on their backs.

Twice again the ghastly drama was enacted and then, when about to draw lots for the fourth time, the remaining five men chanced upon a trail that led them to an encampment of black British Guiana prospectors. The Negroes made

sport of them at first, offering them food and then snatching it away when within a few inches of their eager fingers. They reduced them to stark nudity by forcing the poor wretches to exchange their rags for bits of meat and a few grains of rice. Then, in that sudden fashion that characterizes a change of the Negro mind, their attitude became friendly and after being fed lavishly, the Frenchmen were put on a prospector's path and given explicit directions concerning it.

One more man died of fever before the Cayenneros at last arrived in Tucapita, hungry, half naked and begging their bread. Two of them moved up the Orinoco hoping to find work in the gold country. The other two stayed. One paints flowers on houses. His companion is the village mechanic.

France is said to have as her aim in sending men to Guiana, "the expiation of crime, the regeneration of the guilty and the protection of Society." In the case of the escaped men the thing is fully accomplished though certainly not in the way that the French planned. Almost invariably those convicts who stay in Venezuela become useful and singularly law abiding citizens in this land where the law is held lightly and an insurrection started every time a few malcontents feel that their all precious liberty has been infringed.

In the prosperous mining town of Tumeremo, in southern Venezuela, one of the most important merchants in the place is a man who escaped from Devil's Island in a canoe.

El Callao, once the richest gold mine in the world, has several prosperous businesses operated by Cayenneros who, before committing the crime that put them in Guiana, were small merchants in France. About each of the escaped convicts who have achieved a measure of material success there is usually a little group of newly arrived fugitives who rely on the loyalty of convict to convict to secure protection and assistance. Once they have established themselves in some occupation that yields a living, they are quiet and well behaved, esteemed alike by their fellow citizens and the authorities.

The British officials tacitly recognize the fact that the man who has escaped from Devil's Island is likely to be unobtrusive and their policy is to leave them alone as long as the convicts are well conducted. When I was in Georgetown there were a few Cayenneros about the place. One filled a clerical position on the wharves and most of the people in town knew his history. Nevertheless, at about the same time, two men who had made their way through the jungle committed some minor felony and were at once returned to Devil's Island.

In the diamond district of British Guiana I also met a Cayennero. He reached British Guiana through her back door, so to speak, and his story

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"Austria Waiting Outside, Sir!"

By T. R. YBARRA

NOT so very long ago an attendant at the Czechoslovak Foreign Office in Prague respectfully knocked on the door of Foreign Minister Benes' private sanctum, and, having been summoned to enter, said:

"Austria waiting outside, sir!

And Benes, annoyed at first, then perplexed, and, finally, resigned to the inevitable, told the attendant:

"Show Austria in!"

The same scene was enacted shortly after at the German Foreign Office in Berlin and at the office of the League of Nations in Geneva. Then, a few short weeks ago, there came a knock on the door of the private sanctum of Mr. Henderson, head of the British Foreign Office, and an attendant, poking in his head, remarked:

"Austria waiting outside, sir!

"Show her in!" ordered Mr. Henderson. And, bowing politely but with head held high, Austria walked in.

All of which is figurative language. But it is an accurate description none the less, of Austria's habit, in these post-war years, of sending her chancellors on a tour of the capitals of other European countries when the difficulties besetting her get so serious that heroic measures must be taken.

A few years ago the official Austrian tourist was Chancellor Seipel. Last month it was Chancellor Schober. Each time the tour brought great benefit to the hard-pressed little republic of Austria. And, doubtless, when her troubles again become acute, her chancellor will snatch his hat from its peg, grab his bag (kept packed in readiness for such an emergency) scurry to the railway station, and buy a ticket for Prague or Rome, Paris or London.

Chancellor Seipel's tour in search of aid for little Austria has become historic. The Austrian prelate-statesman undertook it when his country seemed at its last gasp. It was overwhelmed with debt, torn by internal dissension, threatened by hostile neighbors like Czechoslovakia and Italy. Collapse seemed imminent. Seipel decided to make a last attempt to save his country by a personal appeal to the statesmen of other lands—including those who had been Austria's enemies in the World War.

First he bearded Benes of Czechoslovakia at Prague and presented Austria's plight in such eloquent words that Benes, suddenly apprehensive that Austrian collapse might bring European chaos, promised to help her out of her troubles. Next Seipel hurried to Berlin, and got a half-promise of German backing. Then he dashed off to Italy, talked the Italians into a less anti-Austrian frame of mind, and, proceeding post-haste to Geneva, made such a moving speech to the heads of the League of Nations that he returned to Vienna armed not only with promises of more leniency toward the Austrian Republic from hitherto most unfriendly European Powers but also with something far more useful to the struggling republic at the moment—money, plenty of money, in the form of an international loan.

The results of Seipel's tour of Europe made a great hit in Austria. It was not long, however, before he got unpopular and was forced to resign the Chancellorship.

AFTER THINGS HAD gone from bad to worse, Johann Schober, former Chief of Police of Vienna, became Chancellor. He, like Seipel, was confronted with debt and dissension. The semi-military organizations of rival Austrian political parties had several armed clashes attended by bloodshed and filled Europe with apprehension of a bloody Austrian civil war. In the south, Mussolini growled threats; in the capitals of other countries which had been members of the Entente there was open expression of disapproval at what was going on in Austria. Was she secretly arranging for union with Germany? Was she to be trusted with more money?

Just as Mussolini's growls and France's doubts and England's head-shakings were at their height, there came a knock at the door of their Foreign Offices, and the message:

"Austria is waiting outside, sir!"

For Schober, remembering Seipel's example, had reached for his hat and bag, caught an express train out of Vienna, and started on another little circular tour of Europe in the interests of Austria.

It was as successful as the famous excursion of Monsignor Seipel. Schober returned to Vienna looking as if he had just swallowed the canary.

Everywhere he had been met with cordiality. At Rome he and Mussolini signed a Treaty of Friendship and Reconciliation which brought, as its first fruits, a slight lightening of the heavy hand with which Italy has been governing the Tyroleans who found themselves, when the War closed, Italian instead of Austrian. In Paris, he met nothing but smiles and hearty pressures of the hand. As for England, he fell into a regular love-feast at London.

Foreign Secretary Henderson jumped up, oozing cordiality, when Schober was announced. Prime Minister MacDonald was no less friendly. From their offices, Schober proceeded to Buckingham Palace, where he was received in audience by King George. The upshot of all this bowing and smiling was that, once again, the great European Powers turned beaming faces on little Austria, and Schober returned to Vienna with a halo on his brow almost as bright as that worn by Chancellor Seipel when he came back from his earlier tour.

And money? Of course, there will be money for little Austria, as a consequence of Schober's trip in the footsteps of Seipel. Schober declared that he had done nothing directly about borrowing funds from Austria while he was dashing from Foreign Office to Foreign Office, but all those who follow European affairs know that indirect methods are what count in these delicate international matters.

Schober did not go to London because he was enamored of the "beaux yeux" of Mr. Arthur Henderson or because of a life-long ambition to see how King George acts when at home in Buckingham Palace. He went for a variety of very important reasons among which the most important was Austria's empty purse. Since the close of the War, Austria has been suffering from chronic emptiness of the purse. Her capital, Vienna, is a head without a body; whereas, a few years ago, Vienna was a metropolis at the center of a great empire, she is now (while still a metropolis) the capital of a land insignificant in area and population.

Economically, Austria is pretty nearly "down and out"—only help from abroad can keep her going. Hence Chancellor Seipel's little tour. Hence Chancellor Schober's little tour. Hence the probability that, before long, there will again be a repetition of:

"Austria waiting outside, sir!"

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The Trend of Events

Cannon Victorious

IT HAD been assumed that the quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, would whitewash Bishop James Cannon, Jr., thoroughly and in jig-time. The assumption was wrong in but one particular: it took two or three weeks or so to get the whitewash on all over. But soon the job was done and the Bishop was whiter than snow.

The Church's Committee on Episcopacy could find no cause for action in the charges brought against any Bishop for his part in the presidential campaign of 1928. As for Bishop Cannon's stock transactions, they won him no more serious penalty than the committee's exoneration by a vote of fifty-four to eleven. As the committee's chairman explains it: "The committee exonerated Bishop Cannon, not because it did not find that he traded with a bucket shop, but because it found that he did not realize that he was trading with a bucket shop, and because he promised never, never to play the market again." Only one thing remained to be done—to re-elect Bishop Cannon to the Church's Board of Temperance and Social Service. This was done by the conference as a whole, and done with considerable gusto. The board itself then re-elected him chairman.

Lily-painter A. C. Millar, editor of the *Arkansas Methodist*, could not let the conference at Dallas end without delivering himself of these sentiments: "Bishop Cannon stands out as the greatest friend of prohibition in America. We cannot go back on the greatest prohibition leader in the world, for if we did the devils in Hell would shout with glee and the angels in Heaven would weep."

Plainly, then, Bishop Cannon has the warm support of his Church as a whole—a distinction to which it is welcome. Fortunately, however popular he may be with this organization, he seems to have lost most of his influence with the general public.

Red Hunt

THERE WERE cries of "witch hunting," "wild goose chase," and "put something in the soup besides statistics" in congressional halls, but they must have come from a very small group. By a vote of 210 to 18, the House of Representatives determined to hold an inquiry into Communist activities in the United States. Speaker Longworth was directed to appoint a committee of five menace-detectors to ferret out any hints, in schools, Communist organizations or in the Amtorg Trading Corporation, that propaganda is afoot which might lead to the overthrow by Moscow of our republican form of government.

Conducted with vim and vigor, such an investigation should flutter the hat feathers of a few nice old ladies who are genuinely convinced that the dread Red menace is just around the corner. It should also furnish jingoistic orators with resounding ammunition. At worst, it can probably do no harm. Neither can it have any particular importance.

Wide World

TRIUMPHS AT DALLAS
Bishop James Cannon, Jr., wins series of victories at Methodist conference

It is, in fact, almost certain to be unimportant, since the Communist movement in the United States is itself unimportant. Even if the House committee disclosed that American Communists were under strict orders from Moscow to pin a red flag on the Washington Monument and force all members of Congress to grow such beards as cartoonists put on Bolsheviki, the fact would amount to no more than an arresting newspaper headline. The number of Communists in this country is ludicrously small; the party is split into warring factions; it is not gaining strength to any appreciable extent. Whatever designs the Communists might have on our Government they are patently, even pitifully, unable to carry out.

One thing, however, the House Committee can and should accomplish. A few weeks ago Grover Whalen, then New York's Police Commissioner, made public purported Russian documents which cast suspicion on the Amtorg Trading Corporation, a Russian commercial organization with headquarters in New York, and on Boris E. Skvirsky, head of the Soviet Information Bureau at Washington. Since then grave doubts have arisen as to the authenticity of these documents. The Amtorg is a non-political, strictly commercial organization of high repute, to which these charges of conspiracy are capable of doing serious harm. Common justice demands that the committee first of all investigate the Russian documents, and, if they are forgeries, say so.

The Tariff Bill

WITH PROTESTS bounding off its sides, the tariff bill advanced uneasily on its way to the President. It narrowly escaped disaster before the Senate released its conferees from their pledges to demand the export debenture plan and to insist that Congress rather than the President be empowered to change the rates on recommendation of the Tariff Commission. Had the Senate stuck to its guns, agreement in the con-

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ference with the House would have been almost impossible, since the House found both propositions obnoxious. On both, however, the Senate reversed itself, though grudgingly, with but a vote or two to spare.

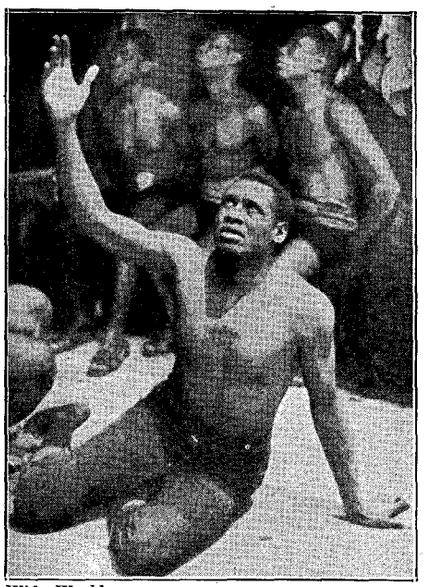
The conferees thereupon threw out the debenture plan, agreed on a few more rate changes, and approved of the Tariff Commission's reorganization along existing bi-partisan lines. On the flexible provision they "compromised." The President retains his power to alter rates at the recommendation of the Tariff Commission, but must take action one way or another within sixty days. He may not pocket a recommendation, as President Coolidge often did. This concession fails to reach the Senate's fundamental belief that Congress should retain its full constitutional power over revenue.

With a flexible plan which satisfies him in, and the debenture plan which dissatisfied him out, the tariff bill meets the President's two specific objections. How, then, can he be expected to veto it, abomination though it is? True, it ignores his plea for a "limited" revision. Yet its essential character was plainly foreshadowed months ago. If the President disliked it, that was the time to make his feelings known. Since he said nothing, Congress naturally assumed that he found the bill to his taste.

The fact that the Ambassador from Spain and the Minister from Switzerland violated diplomatic etiquette by broadcasting criticisms of the bill indicates how deeply it is resented abroad. The fact that it has been denounced by Henry Ford and by James D. Mooney, president of the General Motors Export Company, indicates how distasteful it is to American manufacturers with their eyes on foreign markets. It will probably injure our foreign trade. It will slap heavy burdens on the consumer. But it will tickle manufacturers aiming solely for domestic markets, it will delight office-holders and politicians who have been promising them boosts in the rates, and, since the average citizen is indifferent to or ignorant of its provisions, it will probably have no ugly consequences at the polling booths. Economically sour, the bill is politically sweet. If Congress passes it, therefore, we expect to see it signed.

▶▶*Negroes on the Stage*

A SCORE OF encores greeted Paul Robeson, American Negro, in his London debut as Othello. While English critics thumbed through forty years of newspaper files without finding a parallel, the Savoy's most serene playgoers clapped and bravoed tumultuously. Robeson, who long ago charmed London with his singing of *Ol' Man River* and his raging as the Emperor Jones, did more than act the familiar Moor. He constructed, we are told, a new Othello,



Wide World

PAUL ROBESON
In the title role of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones"

a Moor depicting the tragedy of the Negro race.

In Robeson's own life, tragedy seems to have played little part. Born in New Jersey, the son of a Presbyterian minister, he left his father's house to win a Phi Beta Kappa key at Rutgers University, play end two years on Walter Camp's All-American, sing in the glee club, and be labelled at graduation as "the perfect type of college man." Besieged by state admirers while at Columbia Law School, he earned his law degree, passed the bar examinations in 1923, then turned from the court room to the theatre. That fall he played his first important part, in Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings*. Since then he has climbed steadily higher, on the concert stage, in *Show Boat* and as Crown in *Porgy*. Musically, he is to a large extent self-taught; yet his booming, melodious voice has brought him many honors. His latest triumph, in a Shakespearean rôle, carries one back to the days of American slavery, when, with Edmund Kean as Iago, Ira Aldridge, another American Negro, played the Moor before crowned heads of Europe.

It likewise recalls the new grave of Charles S. Gilpin, still another American Negro and the original Emperor Jones. Gilpin pessimistically declared that his fame was no more than a pleasant accident. The Negro might aspire to make up Pullman berths, but scarcely to storm the heights on the stage. This theory has been exploded. Robeson, Bledsoe and Roland Hayes have all three gone far in the concert hall. In the theatre, a number of Negroes have revealed pronounced and instinctive histrionic talent. With it all, however, the skeptical have asked for another Negro besides Gilpin in the theatre's upper brackets. One answer to their demand is Richard B. Harrison, the Lord God in *The Green Pastures*. A second, and even more clinching answer, it appears, is Robeson as Othello.

▶▶*Justice Roberts*

BEFORE CONFIRMING the appointment of Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice, the Senate fashioned a new standard with which to measure nominees to the United States Supreme Court. Did or did not a nominee emphasize property rights at the expense of human rights? While playing politics with the Parker appointment, however, the Senate remembered its standard but vaguely and used it in perfunctory fashion. When Judge Parker had been rejected and Owen J. Roberts had been appointed in his stead, the Senate dropped its standard entirely, though, perhaps, only for the time being. While it may be used again, probably it will not be the only, or even the dominant, reason for the acceptance or rejection of appointments.

Applied to Mr. Roberts, the standard indicated little or nothing sensational. Here was a nominee who appeared to have a strong sense of property rights and a strong sense of human rights also. Here was an attorney who had close connections with large corporate interests and who had fought large corporate interests during the oil trials. Here was a conservative with liberal tendencies. What was the Senate to do in a case like that?

What it did was to confirm the Roberts appointment unanimously and in less than a minute. For a time it seemed that certain Senators might object on the ground that Mr. Roberts had criticized constitutional prohibition in a public

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address. Eventually they thought better of it. When the nomination reached the Senate floor, Senator Robinson of Arkansas remarked that he understood it had been unanimously favored by the Judiciary Committee. "It was," replied Senator Norris, the committee's chairman. "I have no objection," said Senator Robinson, speaking for the Democrats. "Without objection," said Vice-President Curtis, "the nomination will be confirmed." So Mr. Roberts became one of the Supreme Court's Associate Justices, and a good job, too.

Though it would hardly be accurate to stamp him as a liberal, we expect to find Judge Roberts not infrequently siding with Holmes, Stone and Brandeis. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to reflect that the court has acquired a member with judgment enough to believe that it was a mistake to write a police statute into the Constitution and with pluck enough to state his mind.

▶▶Books at New Lows

A BOMB HAS burst in the publishing field, causing cheers, jeers, groans, and dire prophecies. Four publishing houses announce that they will offer new books at what is now the average price of reprints. Doubleday, Doran & Co., declaring that it will shortly issue at $1 new novels of the popular type heretofore priced at $2.50 and $2, adds that the new price will not mean impaired quality in printing, size, binding or workmanship. Farrar & Rinehart follow suit with a list of new novels of the same type. Coward-McCann puts its price at $1.50 and Simon & Schuster will bring out its summer list, bound in flexible paper boards, at $1 flat. Albert & Charles Boni, fathers of the 75-cent Paper Books, rush forward to lop a third from their price, which will be fifty cents hereafter.

The flurry is confusing, its outcome doubtful. In all probability, however, at least a part of the book-buying public will huzzah. At $2, $2.50 and upwards, new books are a luxury to many persons, one which they sidestep more often than not. Witness the brisk business at lending libraries, the crowds around book counters in drug-stores, tobacco shops and other cut-price outlets. Witness the despair of book-shop proprietors, who stock their shelves with greeting-cards, candles, Italian pottery and fuzzy dogs in an attempt to carry their overhead. Witness the gusto with which the American Booksellers' Association, after the liveliest convention in its history, passed resolutions disapproving of the disposal of current books at cut rates. Enough of the public cannot, or will not, buy enough new books at ordinary publishers' prices to make the book trade generally profitable.

It is a question, however, whether principles of mass production offer a solution for publishers. Unfortunately, books, even murder mysteries, cannot yet be turned out on the factory belt-system. Authors, who must create, must also eat, and publishers must sell their books at prices which allow fair royalties and a reasonable profit. New writers must be encouraged—an expensive gesture in many cases and one which, with books selling at a dollar or so, publishers could less frequently afford to make.

Underwood

RAN AND WON
Gifford Pinchot, Pennsylvania's Republican nominee for Governor

Two of the publishers concerned have left themselves loopholes by stating that the cheaper books issued will be of the type which, once read, is usually discarded. Serious work, both fiction and non-fiction, which has permanent library and collector's value, will, presumably, come higher. In this respect, at least, the new idea seems sound. Furthermore, it is possible that a deluge of low-priced books may so whet the public's appetite for reading that it will not only buy these books in quantities large enough to yield a profit but buy more expensive books also. Whether the plan will work that way or some other way is anybody's guess.

▶▶Pennsylvania's Primary

"SOME GUY in Pennsylvania," says Will Rogers, "took the *Literary Digest's* vote serious and run wet. He carried his family and two friends." America's favorite publicist never made a more clumsy error. The results in the Pennsylvania Republican primary of May 20 are intricately tangled. They may be plausibly interpreted in a variety of ways. But only by disregarding obvious facts can they be made to mean that the wet ticket and the wet vote were of no consequence.

As a matter of fact, it was the wet independent candidate for Governor, Thomas W. Phillips, who defeated the Vare candidate for Governor, the pussy-footing Francis Shunk Brown, by deflecting part of the normal Vare vote to himself and thereby insuring the nomination of Gifford Pinchot. That Pinchot is a dry makes little difference. Pennsylvania's Republican leaders have learned that only an unusually popular candidate with an unusually unpopular opponent can straddle on prohibition and win. The important thing was to teach them that hereafter the wet strength must be reckoned with. That lesson has been taught and it has sunk in. As for Pinchot's victory, two can play at the Anti-Saloon League's game of dominating a party by killing off an unacceptable candidate like Brown and thereby electing a candidate like Pinchot who is no more acceptable himself. Mr. Phillips and his running-mate, Francis H. Bohlen, who sought the Republican nomination for Senator, can rest content with their record. Nor, despite the weakness of Pennsylvania's Democrats, is it at all certain that Pinchot will be elected Governor. Pennsylvania's wets will have a ticket this fall and Pinchot may find the going rough.

The returns show, roughly, 630,000 votes for Pinchot, 620,000 for Brown and 265,000 for Phillips. In the sena-

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torial primary, they show 720,000 for Secretary of Labor Davis, 485,000 for Senator Grundy and 240,000 for Bohlen. Interpret them as you wish. As a victory for the Vare machine over the Mellon-Grundy machine, if you please, though Vare, while he succeeded in nominating Davis and most of his candidates for state offices, saw his man Brown lose to Pinchot the nomination for the job which controls the patronage, the Governorship. Or, if you please, as a blow at Grundy-brand tariffs, though Davis probably favors tariffs high enough to satisfy any one but Grundy himself. Or as a triumph for the progressive principles of Gifford Pinchot and a repudiation of what he calls the "associated political gangs of Pennsylvania," though Brown would have beaten Pinchot had it not been for Phillips. Interpret them as you please, but do not interpret them as the rout of the wets. Pennsylvania's wets are fairly well satisfied, thank you, and they will be heard from again.

▶▶*Anecdote*

HAS FRANKLIN W. FORT, Dwight W. Morrow's dry opponent for the Republican nomination for Senator, read this account of the traffic problem in Hoboken, New Jersey? We quote, with some abbreviation, from the New York *Times:*

"Every connoisseur of beer in Hoboken knows Frank Vezzetti's. Vezzetti has about fifteen 'places' in Hoboken, but The Vezzetti's at Third and Adams Streets is where everybody goes. Until a few weeks ago The Vezzetti's was at the northwest corner of Third and Madison Streets. The original Vezzetti's was at the southwest corner of the same intersection. When the original place opened came prosperity. Streets in the vicinity were jammed with automobiles. Parking space was at a premium and traffic snarls so frequent that the Police Department officially recognized Vezzetti's by installing a traffic booth at the intersection. Then Vezzetti's was raided and closed, but not for long. Vezzetti rented a vacant store at the northwest corner of the same intersection and moved in, and the traffic patrolmen there, after a leisurely few weeks, were busier than ever. A few weeks ago prohibition agents descended on Vezzetti's new place and closed it. This time no other vacant corner on the same site was available. The lines of automobiles disappeared. Finally the police came to remove the traffic booth. A resident asked them where they were taking it. The reply was: 'To Third and Adams Streets. Vezzetti's opened a new place there.' "

As the anecdote indicates, Hoboken is wet. But so are other New Jersey cities, and so is the state as a whole. Yet Mr. Fort, a dry, wishes to go to the United States Senate, and there, as a representative of New Jersey, talk dry, think dry and vote dry for six solid years. Why? Is it Mr. Fort's idea that Senators should not represent, but should deliberately misrepresent, public sentiment in their states?

Harris & Ewing

RAN AND WON TOO
James J. Davis, Pennsylvania's Republican nominee for Senator

▶▶*A Symbolic Fire*

ON MAY 19, the Reparations Commission, performing its last official act before expiring, met in Paris and ceremoniously set fire to German bonds with a face value of 132 billion marks, or about 33 billion dollars, which had been issued by Germany to guarantee the payment of reparations. Up in smoke also went 11 billion marks in railroad bonds and 5 billion marks in industrial bonds, all handed over by Germany as security under the Dawes plan of 1924. The effort to make Germany pay the fantastic sum of 32 billion dollars is now a thing of the past. So, too, is that highly valuable stopgap, the Dawes plan. The Young plan is now in operation, as is its instrument, the World Bank, or Bank of International Settlements. Under the Young plan, the present value of the total German reparations debt is 9 billion dollars.

On the very day of the fire, Premier Tardieu of France agreed with the German Ambassador, Leopold von Hoesch, on the conditions under which the Third Rhineland Zone would be evacuated. By the thirtieth day of June, they decided, every French soldier watching on the Rhine would be withdrawn. Hardly had the terms been fixed when German ears were tickled by the sound of French artillery lumbering off toward home. As a further sign to both conquerors and conquered that an old era has closed and a new one opened, the young and brilliant S. Parker Gilbert, for six years Agent-General for Reparations Payments, wound up his job on May 23 and left Berlin forever.

Economists divide on Germany's ability to meet even her lessened obligations under the Young plan. They likewise wonder whether payments will be flowing regularly from Germany to her European creditors and from them to the United States a full half century hence, and speculate on the possibility of another "final settlement." Meanwhile, French soldiers are marching out of the Reich. Were they not, there could be no real peace in Germany. Now that they are, one may still wonder whether a war ends when all the troops come home or when all the debts are paid.

▶▶*Unemployment in Britain*

WHEN A MILLIONAIRE baronet becomes a Socialist, he is not likely to become a lukewarm Socialist. A few years ago, Sir Oswald Mosley, scion of a staunch old Tory family, created a mild sensation by going over bag and baggage to the British Labor party. His father was traditionally indignant, and might have been more so had he known that his son would resign from a Labor Cabinet and condemn it for being too conservative. With Minister of Public Works Lansbury and Under-Secretary for Scotland Johnston, Sir Oswald, occupying the minor Cabinet post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, recently wrote a

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memorandum on unemployment which the Cabinet as a whole rejected as too drastic. Soon afterwards he withdrew from his Cabinet position and refused to accept another.

For a time it seemed that this might be the beginning of the end for the Labor Government, already bothered by the defection of thirty left-wing Laborites. Prime Minister MacDonald, prepared if necessary to resign both the Premiership and the leadership of his party. He met the issue squarely, summoned the Laborites to a meeting, pleaded for loyalty and succeeded in winning an overwhelming vote of confidence. Sir Oswald's resolution declaring that the party was dissatisfied with the Government's record on unemployment was defeated by a vote of 210 to 29. The MacDonald Cabinet thereupon took a deep breath and another lease on life.

Sir Oswald's resignation would have been comparatively harmless had it done no more than direct attention to the split within the Labor party, since there is a similar split in the Liberal and Conservative parties. What it actually did was to focus attention on the fact that unemployment in Britain is steadily growing more acute and that the Laborites are quite unable to fulfil their pre-election promises. For the first time in eight years Britain now has more than

Wide World

BARONET AND SOCIALIST
Sir Oswald Mosley resigns from British Labor Cabinet

1,700,000 persons out of work; the number has increased by almost a quarter of a million since the first of the year. To say that conditions would be no better and might be worse under a Liberal or Conservative Cabinet may or may not be true, but it is not very impressive to the average voter. Unemployment is now a more important political issue in Britain than ever before. The number of laborers out of work at the time of the next general election may determine the number of Laborites elected to the House of Commons.

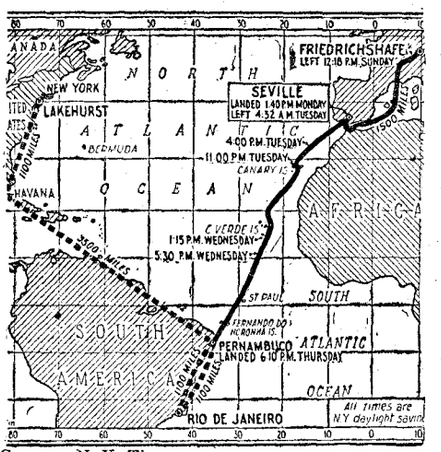
▶▶*Jaunt of the Graf*

AGAIN THE Graf Zeppelin plays at the game of shrinking the globe. Last year she flew round the world. Now she is skirting the four continents bordering the Atlantic before hieing herself homeward from the United States to Germany. When nothing goes awry, Europe, Africa, North America and South America are to the Graf but bodies of land around an inland sea.

The ship left Friedrichshafen, Germany, for Seville, Spain, Pernambuco and Rio de Janiero, Brazil, and Lakehurst, New Jersey, with twenty-two cigaretteless passengers in her gondola providing $132,000 in fares. Crammed near her champagne, cheese, caviar and other life-sustaining victuals were letters and postcards bringing her another $100,000. Part of the mail consignment was dropped down to the gaily dressed Negroes who live on the Cape Verde Islands.

Twenty-five hours out of Friedrichshafen, Commander Hugo Eckener anchored his five-motored cigar at Seville. There six passengers disembarked, while four others climbed aboard, among them the Infante Alfonso, cousin of the King of Spain. From Seville to Pernambuco stretched 4,000 miles, representing sixty-one hours of flying. Following this route, the Graf became the first lighter-than-air ship to cross the equator. She was also the first flying craft of any kind seen by the dozens of bearded Brazilians who came to Pernambuco from the hinterland, sporting their bullet-filled bandoliers, heavy six-shooters and ancient rifles. Commander Eckener, however, was less intent on impressing backwoodsmen than on showing his craft to Rio de Janeiro. In all, the Graf will cover some 20,000 miles, 4,000 more than she covered on her globe-circling jaunt last year.

Inevitably, the Zeppelin's flight is being hailed as a forerunner of regular air passenger service between Germany and South America. Already the Germans speak of competition with the French, whose aviators recently crossed from Africa to Brazil. All this is prema-



Courtesy N. Y. Times

ROUTE OF THE GRAF
Solid line indicates transatlantic course, dotted line the distance to New York

ture. Only a few days ago, President Hoover decorated the NC-4 aviators, the first to fly the Atlantic. In the eleven years since then, the Atlantic has been crossed but twelve times by planes and but nine times by lighter-than-air craft, a fact which it would be well to keep in mind while discussing the airship's possibilities.

▶▶*Miss Lindbergh*

THE SPRING'S MADDEST flight ended at Port Darwin, Australia, with Miss Amy Johnson landing, alive, in her diminutive, old-motored Moth plane after a 9,900-mile solo flight across Europe, Asia and the Dutch East Indies. The twenty-seven-year-old English girl, daughter of a Klondike gold prospector, made the trip in nineteen days, falling four days short of the solo record Bert Hinkler set three years ago. She left London on May 5, unencouraged, almost unnoticed, with her counselors urging her not to go beyond India. She can now return with congratulatory cables from King George and Premier MacDonald, to dicker with newspaper editors who declined to buy her stories or to believe that she would get much further East than Paris.

With a motor much used in regular air-taxi service, Miss Johnson jumped first to Paris, then to Vienna and Constantinople. At Calcutta she was more than half way to her goal and two days ahead of Hinkler's time. A broken wing and propeller cost her three days at Rangoon but she could not be halted

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even though there had been an earthquake in Burma and though in Java she just missed a flood. Nor did the fact that she had no chance of breaking the record and little chance of surviving if her land plane fell deter her from the last 500-mile stretch over a shark-infested sea.

The yellow-haired girl, whom London is now cheering as Miss Lindbergh and whom Australia has crowned the "darling of the empire," was until recently an insurance attorney's secretary. She wore ear rings—long ones that swayed and shook as she bent over her typewriter. She abandoned these, however, during her early-morning flying lessons and during her overall days as a mechanic's assistant at the flying field. Now, a skilled mechanic and the only woman licensed by the English Air Ministry as a ground engineer, she leaves the majority of her flying sisters far behind.

America will watch to see what place á Miss Lindbergh will occupy in the English picture. Will it be movie rights, magazine contracts, lecture tours or a profitable advisory position? Or a rumored engagement to the Prince of Wales?

▶▶*Tip to Televisionaries*

WITH FIGURES life-sized, faces reasonably clear, images not too jumpy, television took a long step forward and bowed to a theatre audience in Schenectady, New York. An orchestra conductor, standing in a television studio a mile away, came onto the theatre's screen and conducted the musicians seated in the orchestra pit. With radio and telephone assistance, vaudeville performers joked back and forth, one on the stage, the other on the screen. Duets were sung with the soprano and contralto a mile apart. Performers on the screen could hear the applause from the audience and in response to it they smiled and bowed their thanks.

And there you have it. Whether you like it or not. Tomorrow television will be a feature of vaudeville programs. Day after tomorrow theatre audiences, by means of the television eye, will travel with the news reporter to distant places and see what he sees when he sees it. By 1932 you will doubtless go to your corner movie house to see and hear the presidential candidates address you from auditoriums in other cities or from their own living-rooms. If you wish to ask a question, the candidate will receive it by telephone and will answer you—if he knows the answer. By the time the novelty of this has worn off, you will be buying your own television set and will sit at home watching radio performers as you listen to them.

For these concrete possibilities thank or threaten Dr. August Karolus, an inventor of Leipzig, whose light valve is the nucleus of the improved television apparatus just demonstrated in Schenectady. Working on the Karolus principle, Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson and his assistants at the General Electric Company laboratories have achieved the light control which makes it possible to show pictures of theatre size. Much more work must be done before it will be feasible to direct the television eye at random over the globe for the public's edification, but, though Dr. Alexanderson is chary of promises, who can doubt that television in theatres will soon be a matter of course?

As to television in the home—go back, all you amateurs who ten or fifteen years ago were building your own radio sets. Back to the batteries, the wires and the jars of strange-looking fluids. Try to capture the images as well as the sounds with which the ether will be filled. Fifteen years ago radio was where television is now. It was the thousands of amateurs, puttering with ear-phones for the thrill of exploring the unknown, who created popular interest in broadcasting. They had best adventure again while they may, for before they know it long-distance television broadcasting will be as commercialized and as unexciting as radio is today.

Remarkable Remarks

For Congress to consider repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, instead of passing legislation which will make it easier of enforcement, would be one of the most dastardly betrayals of the trust of the whole people in our nation's glorious history.—REV. W. SHEAFE CHASE.

The people have voted directly upon prohibition more widely and more repeatedly than upon any other question.—DR. D. LEIGH COLVIN.

It will always remain with me one of the happiest memories of a busy life that I have been privileged to be associated with and to have worked side by side with the finest and most intelligent and courageous personnel that can be found in any police department in the world.—EX-POLICE COMMISSIONER GROVER A. WHALEN.

If there is a strong cross-wind, play your ball over and let the wind blow it back on the fairway.—ROBERT T. JONES, JR.

He travels farthest in athletics who travels alone. I have no intention of marrying.—MAX SCHMELING.

Like the denizens of the prize ring a song writer must always keep in training.—GEORGE GERSHWIN.

Members of my immediate staff have been with me for years and they are dear to me because I know I can trust them to put their "no's" and "yesses" in the right places.—CECIL B. DE MILLE.

What is the average home now? It's a filling station for guests. . . All the guests start dinner with an aperitif, which is a French word meaning appetizer, and gives you an appetite for another aperitif.—"BUGS" BAER.

▶▶*In Brief*

FOR THE UMTEENTH time, Secretary of Commerce Lamont prophesies that normal business conditions will speedily return. Aside from this, however, prospects for the speedy return of normal business conditions are favorable . . . . Count Michael Karolyi has completed his lecture tour in the United States and has returned to Europe. Forgotten Count Karolyi? Count Karolyi is the man who, if admitted to the United States, would, we were told, speedily destroy all our fundamental institutions. . . . . The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman declares that the *Literary Digest* poll does not correctly represent the country's desires, just when our dry friends had almost convinced us that it represented the country's desire for prohibition. . . . We note that Professor Irving Fisher has promised to aid Franklin W. Fort in his primary fight against Dwight W. Morrow. If only Mr. Fisher would predict a victory for Mr. Fort we might feel a little more certain of a triumph for Mr. Morrow. . . . Premier Mussolini is still gadding about Italy, making faces at Paris and inciting his followers to wave their muskets and shout "Down with France!" He does this, presumably, to indicate the sincerity of his government's formal, public and solemn pledge to outlaw war as an instrument of national policy and seek the settlement of all disputes by pacific means.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HOPE that the public did not take too seriously Dr. F. Scott McBride's amazing assertion that he believed his Anti-Saloon League was of divine origin and inspiration. So literal an acceptance of his statement, we fear, would be unfair to the burly divinity student who now supervises the organization's activities, for we have always found him to be a man of moderation—a surprising quality in either a dry or a wet these days. Under his leadership the league has not attempted to boss Presidents and Cabinet members, and we understand he has little use for the browbeating policies which prevailed during the régime of his predecessor, the late Wayne B. Wheeler. Dr. McBride, to our mind, seeks to emphasize the religious rather than the political aspect of prohibition, and, although the cause has suffered serious setbacks under his care, he prefers the rôle of preacher to that of national politician, and his degree of D.D. to Wheeler's Ll.D.

We are telling no secrets when we say that Dr. McBride never cared much for the late Mr. Wheeler. The former has frequently pointed out to friends that, for all Mr. Wheeler's push and prominence in the prohibition movement, he himself was actually the dry politician's superior. The man who told Presidents Harding and Coolidge how to handle enforcement, so McBride insists, was no more than the league's lawyer, whereas he himself was general superintendent. Moreover, McBride denies that Wheeler exercised the influence attributed to him, and deems statements of this kind to be "grossly exaggerated." Indeed, if we are to believe the league's present spokesman, the organization "born of God" at Oberlin, O., has devoted itself solely to prayer and psalms, having no traffic with politics, politicians or Presidents.

We are sorry to relate these rivalries in the dry camp, but they may throw a great deal of light on the old and new methods of the Anti-Saloon League. Dr. McBride's comments on his predecessor, as well as his deprecating references to the vauntings of other prohibitionists, must not be set down as simply the utterances of a small and envious man. To our mind, they reveal that the league and its leaders are a sad and chastened lot of men. Its old spell has vanished, as an accumulation of evidence discloses—a loss of money and members and of influence over such a dry bunch as the present Congress. So the league hastens to assume the mantle of the apostles rather than the toga of the politicians; it means to pose as an evangelical rather than a political body. What we are witnessing is a heavenly retreat after an earthly reverse. When the White House latchkey, always accessible to Mr. Wheeler, is pulled in, what can Dr. McBride do but grab for the pearly gates!

We think it only fair to him, however, to explain that he was talking with his tongue in his cheek when he told the Senate Lobby Committee that the league was "born of God and led by God." As he assured his friends later, he simply forgot where he was. He deplored the fact that it was not brought out clearly that he had originally voiced this belief at a national prohibition convention at Detroit, and not, for the first time at least, before the committee. Commenting on the difference between spilling such a theory at a Volsteadian revival and a Senate inquiry, Dr. McBride recognized that "there was a time and place for all things." What he meant was that such stuff was fine for the brethren, since most of them believed it anyway, but he realized that it was a bit too pentecostal for public consumption.

From the Boston Herald

Voila! Just like Uncle Sam's

Despite the primary victory of the good Gifford Pinchot, we discern some dismay among the drys at the turn events are taking. Though they profess to be pleased with President Hoover's policies, we know that they withhold full and frank benediction. Some are suspicious of the secretive Wickersham Commission lest it may soon begin to discuss realities. Others condemn the appointment of Owen J. Roberts, an open critic, of placing the dry amendment in the Constitution, to the Supreme Court. We know, and so do the drys, that opponents of prohibition are being named as Judges, District Attorneys, and United States Marshals throughout the land. But Dr. McBride and his associates dare not cavil, since they elected Mr. Hoover. They know that they must give lip service to the Administration because to do otherwise would be to admit their own impotence.

We do not like to disillusion the drys, but we wish they would look harder at realities. We hear of an indignant member of Congress—a Republican, too—whose agreement with the chief prohibition agent in his city was broken by the latter's raid on a prominent club. The agent, so we are informed, had promised the G. O. P. bosses not to touch political and fraternal clubs where liquor was kept in lockers. For some reason the agent turned his men on the sacred premises named in the agreement, and, so the Mayor of the city told the Congressman over the phone, "lost us 5,000 Republican votes." Such understandings between prohibition officials and politicians, we hear, are quite common even under the present Administration. These incidents may seem trifling, but they can be duplicated without much effort, and their importance is that they show the inner workings of the whole system. Prayer, we warn those trinitarians—Dr. McBride, Bishop Cannon and Dr. Clarence True Wilson—is rarely permitted to interfere with politics.

A. F. C.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Kid Packer's Next Bout

WASHINGTON has been selected as the scene of the next clash between Kid Packer and his ancient enemy, Battling Wholesaler. Reports from training quarters indicate that although the Kid is a trifle beefy and the Battler handicapped by a cauliflower ear, both boys are in fairly good condition and each confidently expects to end the argument by the K. O. route in about the third round.

In some way or other the Department of Justice has been brought into the affair. Senator Black of Alabama, who does not think highly of the Department's managerial ability, introduced on May 23 a resolution calling upon the Attorney-General to report to the Senate a number of important facts concerning the handling of the packers' petitions for modification of the consent decree, which decree was sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States on March 19, 1928.

The chief effect of the decree was, of course, to keep the packers from entering the wholesale grocery business. Senator Black wants to know the extent to which the decree has been enforced; the attitude of the Department of Justice toward the petitions for modification; whether the Department will defend the decree or leave its defense to the Wholesale Grocers' Association; and whether the Department will enforce the decree while the petitions are pending. Senator Black is by no means the only one who wants enlightenment on these points. Several thousand wholesale grocery concerns are also in an inquiring mood, and the main event between Kid Packer and Battling Wholesaler is certainly going to draw a record crowd.

"Just as Good"

WHEN YOU GO into a retail store and ask for a product of a recognized brand you are very likely to be met with the suave suggestion, "We have something here which is just as good—won't you try it?" If you order by telephone, the chances are that the dealer will not even trouble himself to that extent. Greedy for the extra penny or two of profit, he will make the substitution without compunction and with the hope that you will either overlook it entirely or accept it rather than involve yourself in a protest and an argument.

If a grocer plays the substitution game on you, the results may not be far-reaching. If the druggist does it in filling a prescription (and this has happened in literally thousands of cases) it may mean serious illness or even death to you or a member of your household. The only safe attitude for the consumer to take in this matter is to make a vigorous protest at the first sign of the substitution racket and then take his business elsewhere.

Products are not, invariably, good because they are advertised under brand names. In most cases they are advertised because they are good. The maker and the distributor know that national advertising brings the product under constant and careful inspection and comparison. If the branded product does not stand up under scrutiny, good-will is impaired and the business fades away. The present campaign against substitution, in which *Pictorial Review* has so effectively led the way, should have the active support of consumers everywhere. It meets every test of business ethics, fair play and common sense.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) May 24—88.4. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) May 24—80.4.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 10—933,931 cars (reduction of 8,968 under preceding week and of 115,029 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended May 17—75% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 21% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended May 17—daily average gross 2,607,900 barrels (increase of 12,750 over preceding week; reduction of 35,650 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended May 17—3,023,000 bushels (increase of 1,393,000 over preceding week and of 221,000 over same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended May 22—$10,446,471,000 (reduction of 1.2% under preceding week and of 13.2% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended May 22—480 (reduction of 37 under preceding week; increase of 70 over same week of 1929).

Budgeting the Individual

THE BUDGET PRINCIPLE, indispensable in the conduct of a modern business enterprise, may easily mean the difference between success or failure for the individual or the family. Fortunately the slogan "Budget Your Income" has made good headway during the past few years and there are now available bookkeeping and other mechanical helps which do away with much of the difficulty and all of the mystery which formerly surrounded the budget plan as applied to Mr. and Mrs. John Doe and their children.

Family budgets often break down because they are organized from the point of view of expenditure instead of saving. Portions of the total income are allocated for rent, clothing, food, supplies and entertainment, and if there is anything left it is assigned to savings. But savings should be the first charge against the monthly or weekly income, and expenditures should be held within the amount that remains after the savings item is set aside.

Prospective budgeteers will find practical suggestions in such books as Elwood Lloyd's *How to Finance Home Life,* and the writings of Agnes E. Donham, but the best way to begin is to begin. Get a "Family Expense Book" at any stationery store and start in with the next pay envelope or the next monthly check. Open an account with a savings bank and let the reserve accumulate until there is enough of it to invest in a good bond or, if you prefer, some dependable stock. Presto—you have become a capitalist.

A Vocational Dialogue

THE FORM OF *You and Your Job* (Wiley $2.) is decidedly out of the ordinary. It is made up of conversations between James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in three Cabinets, and John Calvin Wright, Director of the Federal Board of Vocational Education.

Secretary Davis went to work in the steel mills of Pennsylvania at the age of ten. Director Wright, before he became a teacher and an educational administrator, was a struggling farmer boy in Kansas.

These men know a lot about the dignity and the joy as well as the hardships of real work. They know how systematic training helps, and how the lack of it retards, human progress. Workers should read this book. And that goes for loafers, too.

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Mighty Hunters

By IRVING BRANT

GOVERNOR EMERSON: Wasn't it to advantage to scatter that herd on the Greybull?

Mr. Wilde: Yes, absolutely. They are better off at the present time than they were at that time.

In this exchange between the Governor of Wyoming and a Cody big-game outfitter at a public hearing on Yellowstone Park boundaries, the State of Wyoming officially defended a six-day antelope hunt described as follows in the Cody *Enterprise* of October 2, 1929:

"It is doubtful if there ever was, in the history of the West, a greater slaughter of antelope than the one on the Greybull Sunday . . . . Only those who were there can appreciate the terrible massacre of antelope, the bombardment of guns, likened to the 'Battle of the Marne,' which took place all day Sunday."

Governor Emerson made his defense of the antelope hunt after the public reading of an editorial from the *New York Times* describing it as "the most senseless and atrocious slaughter of wild animals that ever occurred in that State or perhaps in the nation, ... a disgrace alike to the State of Wyoming and to the self-styled hunters who took advantage of the blunder of the Wyoming State Game Commission in opening the season on antelope."

He made it after the presentation of statements from the Phelps and Beldon families, on whose thirty ranches the Greybull massacre occurred, that out of 3,000 antelope which found sanctuary on their property, 800 remained alive.

This slaughter, on the supposition that part of the animals escaped from the Greybull range, Governor Emerson termed "scattering the antelope." To complete the formal approval of the State of Wyoming, the Governor listened to the reading of the quotation from the Cody *Enterprise*, given above, and replied:

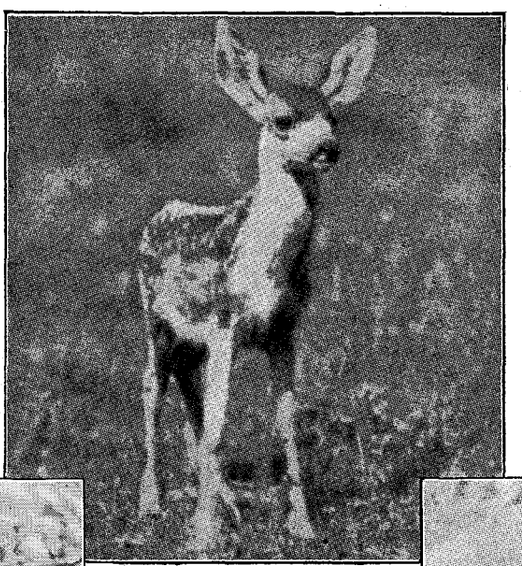
"In answer to that, any one who knows the situation says that that was not detrimental to the game of Wyoming. That is a statement from experience and knowledge of the situation that exists today."

The antelope hunt in question occurred at the beginning of last October; the Governor's defense was delivered at a hearing before the Yellowstone Park Boundary Commission, held in Washington, D. C., on February 3rd. At that hearing Governor Emerson spoke in opposition to the enlargement of Yellowstone Park. It would be bad for the elk and moose of the Thorofare country, he said, to make their habitat a wild-life sanctuary; they would be better off under the jurisdiction of the Wyoming Fish and Game Commission, with hunting permitted.

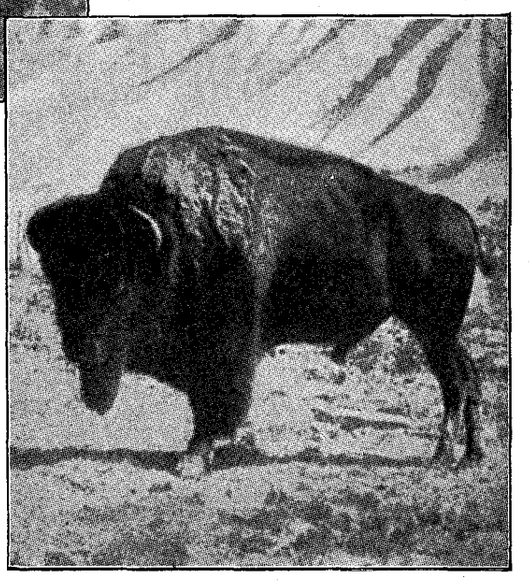
It was under the jurisdiction of the Wyoming Fish and Game Commission that the antelope massacre occurred, yet it did not represent the wishes of the Commission. The open season was forced by political pressure and public clamor. A bill was introduced in the legislature to take away the Commission's authority over open and closed seasons. On the floor and in the galleries resounded shouts of "Give us an open season; give us a season on antelope." The season was granted, and a goodly proportion of the people of Wyoming were horrified at the result. In fairness to the State, it should be assumed that Governor Emerson speaks only for those who forced the Commission to do what it did.

But it cannot be ignored that the Commission did permit the massacre, that the Governor does defend it, and that the full weight of Wyoming influence in Congress is thrown against the protection by the Federal government of big game on Federal lands. Thus what had been a national issue from the standpoint of public morals has become a national issue from the standpoint of public policy.

The antelope of Wyoming, at the beginning of last fall's hunt, were somewhat wilder than a flock of sheep. Ranchers and summer "dudes" drove



Courtesy Northern Pacific



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automobiles and rode horses among them. They were as gun-shy as a boy at the movies. Not being able to read the newspapers, they had no idea what was coming when before daylight on a morning in autumn, some thousands of hunters descended from automobiles along the roads and ranch trails.

The season opened on Sunday, "to give the laboring man a chance." There was to be no favoritism in this return to the grand old days of antelope hunting, no giving first shot to the idle rich or the professional man who could lock his office. Service Club president, rancher and brick mason drove out beneath the stars and headed toward the nearest or the biggest herd.

There were several reasons why an undue proportion of the 5,000 licensed antelope hunters chose the Greybull herd, near Cody. It was the largest body of antelope in the United States. The Phelps ranches had been a semi-official sanctuary, with the state agreeing to pay damages to alfalfa, and the ranch owners had been awarded $3,000. There was a slogan, reaching into rather high quarters, "Let the Greybull antelope pay that bill." And they paid. They paid for six days. If antelope meat is worth ten cents a pound on the hoof, they paid to the tune of about $60,000.

Sunday morning on the Greybull opened with a heavy fog, but the high-powered rifles began to crack as soon as the dim form of the antelope could be made out. Then it was demonstrated that big-game hunting was really dangerous sport. The fog revealed the game, but not the hunters beyond. Bullets missing their mark whistled through the ranks of unseen heroes. It threatened to be the "Battle of the Marne" in casualties, as well as in sound, but enough hunters felt that discretion was the better part of valor to leave ample space for bullets to travel in. The fog lifted at last, and the host rushed in.

A softnosed bullet, fired into an animal at close range, will tear a hole almost big enough to kick a football through. It was only the long range shots, therefore, that sent cripples away to die. But on that first day there were few cripples, owing to short-range fire and to the peculiar antelope trick of running in a circle. The befuddled animals circled about the hunters and either fell before a fusillade from one direction or ran into fresh enemies.

By the second day the wild instincts of the animals had returned. They leaped fences and sped away in terror, but the hunters were so numerous that they simply ran from one rifle to a nearer one. Again, and for six days, hundreds of automobiles departed, each with an antelope slung across the radiator. That was the "scattering" of the herd.

The exact number of antelope killed on the Greybull range is disputed. Jack Scott, president of the Wyoming Fish and Game Commission, says that his wardens counted 1,000 dead animals. The Phelps and Beldon families, on whose ranches the hunt occurred, put the dead at 2,000 or 2,200, leaving 800 does and immature bucks, with little breeding in prospect for another year.

It matters little which is right; the minimum figures are atrocious. But for what they may be worth I will add a supporting statement for each side, one from Governor Emerson at the Wyoming hearing, the other from I. H. Larom, president of the Wyoming Dude Ranchers' Association.

Governor Emerson:

"Of course I would take the word of Jack Scott, president of the Fish and Game Commission, as against Charlie Beldon who I think is a little prejudiced. I may say that the family is divided among themselves. Charlie Beldon is a Phelps by reason of marriage to Miss Phelps, and Eugene Phelps who is a Phelps by reason of birth, runs the cattle end of it. Charlie is interested in the game and out of doors. So there is a difference of opinion in that family."

Mr. Larom:

"The 1,000 stated as killed were only those that happened to be observed by the wardens. No regular checking point was established this year, therefore the wardens cannot dispute Mr. Beldon's figures, nor can they show any tally of those left to die, as they did not cover the ground after the season, as Mr. Beldon did. Charles Beldon is continually on the range, has studied the situation, grown up among the antelope and any statement he makes is one of fact. He does not exaggerate."

Courtesy Northern Pacific

One of the Yellowstone elk herd

THE STATE OF MIND which brought about Wyoming's antelope hunt is a survival of the mid-nineteenth-century attitude toward game. Seventy-five

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years ago there were close to 40,000,000 antelope in North America, centering in western Colorado. In 1922-24 the Biological Survey estimated 30,000 survivors, Wyoming leading with 7,000 animals in twenty-seven herds.

Under a protective system which permitted shooting a few hundred each year under special licenses, Wyoming antelope have increased in numbers, estimates running from 10,000 to 25,000. Antelope multiply quite rapidly when protected on good grazing ground, and disappear without protection. There is the same necessity for regulating the numbers of an antelope herd in an agricultural country as for regulating cattle, and shooting by permit offers one method of control. Another, of course, would be to treat them as semi-domesticated animals, to be bred for meat and handled like cattle, under state supervision designed to perpetuate the species.

Elk present a different problem. They migrate for long distances, from mountain height to grassy valleys. The elk of the Thorofare country, south of Yellowstone Park, migrate northward the entire length of the park and spend the winter near Gardiner, Montana, traveling more than 100 miles.

If the elk migration lines are open to hunting at any point, the results are almost the same as if there is no protection at all. The Yellowstone elk herd is entirely protected most of the year. For the past two years, owing to mild winters, it has scarcely been hunted at all. Yet according to Prof. M. P. Skinner, former park naturalist, the elk in and around Yellowstone Park have diminished from 75,000 in 1900 to 25,000 in 1928, chiefly owing to heavy shooting in Montana and Wyoming.

The elk problem is complicated by dual control. Within the park, they are under the protection of the Federal Government. The instant they step outside, even if it be into a national forest, they are subject to the sole jurisdiction of the State. The United States Government owns hay ranches in Montana and Wyoming, where elk are fed in winter, yet there is no law to prevent hunters from killing these elk right in the feeding yards; they are protected only by the law against trespassing.

Wyoming has a peculiar record in the matter of elk protection. In the Teton National Forest, along the southern boundary of Yellowstone Park, is an immense state game preserve. It was created in 1905 by the Wyoming legislature, in response to a telegram from Congressman Mondell, a famous enemy of game protection. The purpose was to block the southward expansion of Yellowstone Park, then pending in Congress.

But this state game refuge has served a better purpose than its origin would suggest. It has reduced elk shooting to about 2,000 per year and has helped develop the game-protection idea among the people of Jackson Hole, just to the south. The shift of thought among the people there during the past few years is significant. They have discovered that the summer "dude," who comes to look at wild animals, is worth far more to Wyoming than the big-game hunter.

The people of Cody, apparently, are slower to make the same discovery, but their big-game outfitters are gradually turning into dude-ranchers, and their own statistics show that several times as many "dudes" make the expensive trip into the Thorofare country, as big-game hunters.

The Thorofare is topographically part of Yellowstone Park. It includes the headwaters of the Yellowstone River, draining toward Yellowstone Lake, and is shut off by a mountain barrier in all directions except toward the park. It is a magnificent mountain wilderness.

Hunting, as carried on in the Thorofare, does not seriously affect the elk herds, because the total kill in this difficult territory seldom exceeds 150. But this same country happens to contain about one-third of all the moose in the Rocky Mountains. Even the limited amount of hunting permitted there is a menace to the moose, numbering not more than 500, and it is partly to create a moose sanctuary that this country is desired for Yellowstone Park—that, combined with the fact that Nature made it a part of the Yellowstone area.

At the Yellowstone hearing in Washington, the entire Wyoming congressional delegation aided the governor in opposing the extension. Yet the actual kernel of opposition—the real influence that threatens to dominate our national policy—is the real or supposed business interest of less than half a dozen big-game outfitters. Back of them, of course, are the hunters. In the last analysis it is a contest between those who enjoy living animals and those who enjoy killing them—between the camera and the rifle.

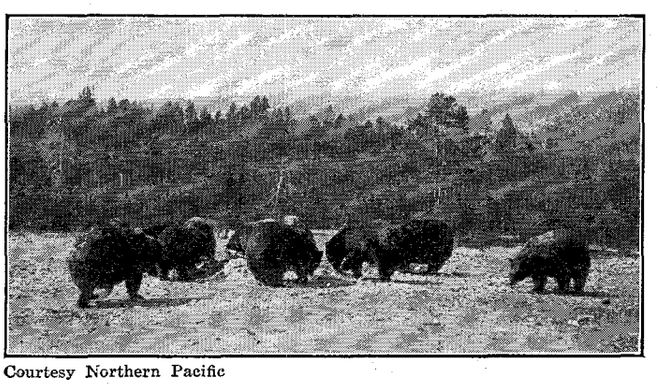
In conventional thought, this is a line-up of sentimentalists on one side and heroes on the other. Without claiming that the man who hunts big game with a camera is anything of a hero, it seems worth while to inquire whether there isn't a good deal of sentimentalism in the notion that big-game shooting is heroic.

Your genuine big-game hunter would have scorned that Wyoming antelope hunt—a meat-hunting expedition at $2.50 per carcass. He would point to elk-hunting: hard riding in the mountains, sleeping in the snow, the zest of vigorous outdoor life!

Here, however, is a description of an elk hunt, as given by M. P. Skinner in the Journal of Mammalogy:

"The picture is a scene in the cold gray morning light when a band of elk, half-starved because the snow covers the forage in the park, starts up the mountain slopes across the park boundaries. Nothing happens until the animals have gone a mile beyond the boundary and too far readily to get back. Then the slaughterers and the butchers that have been waiting, rush out, surround the hapless elk, and begin shooting with Winchesters and pump guns into the bewildered, huddled herd. At times an elk, perhaps wounded, dashes out and through the encircling line. But that encircling line closes in and mercilessly fires into the remaining elk until all have fallen. Such has been the scene of slaughter enacted over and over again this last winter, until more than 3,000 elk have been killed."

(Please Turn to Page 197)



Courtesy Northern Pacific

Bears feeding in Yellowstone Park

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Reparation Bonds

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

BY THE time these lines appear in print the details of the first issue of reparation bonds under the Young plan will probably have been announced. This issue marks a new step toward the final solution of one of the great financial problems growing out of the war. After a decade of disputes and tentative agreements the payment of a portion of the Allied claims against Germany is at last to be reduced to the terms of an ordinary commercial transaction.

This arrangement has awaited the full ratification of the Young plan and the establishment of the new Bank for International Settlements which that plan provides. Germany ratified the Young plan in March, and France and Belgium soon followed. Italy, however, waited until the dispute among the Balkan States over Eastern reparations was settled, and Great Britain held aloof until Italy was ready to act. Late in April the last of the differences delaying ratification was adjusted, and on May 9 the Young plan was formally declared to be in operation, although the reduced scale of German payments which it provides had already been put into effect in anticipation of its adoption.

Thus begins a new chapter in the history of German reparations. Every new move by the governments concerned has been directed toward the shifting of the problem from the political field into the less temperamental one of economics. The Dawes plan of 1924 was a step in this direction, and a much longer step has been taken under the Young plan. All the old reparation machinery, reminiscent of the War, is to be scrapped. The Reparation Commission at Paris and the office of Agent General for Reparations in Berlin will be discontinued, and the work of transferring the payments will be taken over by the Bank for International Settlements, established in the neutral city of Basle, Switzerland.

Not until the Young plan had been ratified by at least four of Germany's creditors could the new bank begin operations. But pending this ratification all the preliminary work for launching the institution was completed, and it began its corporate existence on May 12, three days after the Young plan attained full legal force. In addition to handling reparation funds this bank will also supervise the floating of the new reparation bonds, and in this work it has the co-operation of investment bankers and representatives of the National Treasuries of the countries in which the bonds are to be sold.

The total amount of the first issue has been fixed at $300,000,000, but under the agreement made at The Hague last summer a third of this will go to Germany for the improvement of her railway and postal services. The amount issued for Germany's own use is not a part of the reparation loan proper, but there will be no distinction between this portion and the remainder. Germany is in real need of outside capital for her economic development, and the loan for her requirements has been combined with the reparation loan so that one issue may not get in the way of the other.

FOR A LONG TIME it was assumed that if any bonds were issued under the Dawes or Young plans the bulk of them would be offered in the United States. It has been found advisable, however, to obtain a wider distribution, and under the tentative apportionment investment houses in France and the United States are to underwrite about 30 per cent of the issue in each country, with the rest going to Great Britain, Holland and Switzerland, and a small amount even to Germany herself. About three-fourths of the $200,000,000 which will go to Germany's creditors will be paid over to France and will be applied to the reduction of the French debt.

One part of the reparation payments will thus be changed from a debt owed by one government to other governments into a debt owed by Germany to private investors in all parts of the world. This part of the debt is to be placed on the same footing as Liberty bonds or French rentes, and the German obligations will then become partly commercial and partly political.

The Young plan makes a further distinction between these two classes of the debt. One portion of Germany's annual payments, amounting to $157,000,000, is classed as unconditional. It is this portion which may be mobilized or commercialized by the issue of bonds. The unconditional payments are not subject to postponement. The conditional payments, amounting at present to $320,000,000 a year, may be deferred in case of recognized necessity. As these are solely the political obligation of one government to several others, they are of no direct interest to investors, although in due course they may have important effects on international trade and credit. On the other hand, the conditional payments are likely to become of increasing interest to investors with the progress of the mobilization of this part of the debt.

The private investor will be interested mainly in two things: the coupon rate and the security behind the loan. It can be said in advance of any official announcement that the yield of the first issue of these bonds will be attractive. German government securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange are now selling at a price to yield slightly more than 6 per cent, and the rate fixed for any new issue will necessarily be governed by this fact.

There remains the question of security. Certain politicians in Washington, led by Representative McFadden, Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, have been making attacks on the reparation loan which can only be described as hysterical. They have denounced the bonds as "illegal"; they have grossly exaggerated the amount to be issued in this country; they have attributed to Germany an intention to repudiate them, and they have depicted the whole arrangement as a scheme of international bankers to unload their uncollectible foreign debts on the American people. All of which would be important, if true.

It needs only to be said that the reparation bonds will be an obligation of the Reich secured first of all by its general revenues and secondly by a pledge of the German state-owned railways. Moreover, Germany's per capita indebtedness is much smaller than that of either England or France. If it should happen at any time that Germany cannot meet all her reparation obligations, the reduction would be made in the conditional payments owed to the creditor governments rather than in the payments due individual bondholders. And finally, it is to be remembered that Germany for a long time will need foreign capital to sustain her economic progress, and as a matter of self-preservation she cannot afford to take any steps which would impair her credit in lending countries.

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Roaring Road

By GEORGE TREVOR

VIVID MEMORIES of Vanderbilt Cup racing days on Long Island's country roads are stirred by the action of Indianapolis Speedway authorities in restoring the two-man car to the Memorial Day five hundred mile sweepstakes. The mechanic, ousted from his time honored place some years ago when the vogue for single seaters took hold, has come into his own again.

But though the Indianapolis promoters, by modifying specifications to admit bigger piston displacements and heavier cars, have attempted to revive the waning interest of manufacturers in motor racing and thus broaden a field that has been restricted to a few specialists, they haven't been able to recapture the romantic appeal, the spectacular flavor, or the dramatic element that characterized open road racing of the dimly remembered past and stamped it as a unique form of popular entertainment.

As one who recalls the thrills and the carnival aspect of Vanderbilt cup contests held over the rectangular Jerico-Westbury-Mineola-Hicksville circuit, the writer can't get much of a kick out of motordrome treadmilling around a steeply banked saucer of concrete, pine boards or brick. There is a deadly sameness, a tiresome monotony to this business of sitting snugly in a grandstand, your eyes riveted on so many colored and numbered "Tops" spinning around and around a deep dish motordrome.

True, the Meyers, Woodburys, Shaws, and Gleasons who pilot special speed creations at Altoona, Rockingham, and Indianapolis attain a velocity above one hundred miles an hour, but the whirligig nature of motordrome racing kills all sensation of speed as far as the spectator is concerned. From his seat in the stands, the speeding cars look like lazy bumble bees crawling around a saucer. The remote, safely cloistered onlooker has no yardstick by which to gauge the terrific pace of these closely bunched mile-eaters.

IT WAS different in the era of road racing symbolized by the Vanderbilt cup. Those pulse-quickening contests on the narrow, high crowned roads of Nassau County compared with the present brick saucer visions of an Australian pursuit race as vintage champagne contrasts with near beer.

The competitive spirit, the sporting flavor of nation against nation, car against car, and man against man is lacking in present day motordrome grinds. Who cares whether a "Bivalve Special" or a "Kettledrum Triplex" finishes ahead? Models that aren't in production, that can't be bought from your neighborhood dealer, don't excite popular interest. The "saucer racket" savors of personal exploitation through the advertising of accessories.

LET ME TAKE you back to Mineola in the piping days of 1903-06, when the automobile was still a toy, and motor racing had a kick like Jersey applejack. You arose at three o'clock on a chilly autumn night, climbed into an open touring car, turned on blue-white acetelyne head lights and drove over darkened roads to some promising spot on the twenty-five-odd mile macadam ribbon that formed the Vanderbilt Cup Course.

Perhaps you picked a place on the Jerico Turnpike straightaway, where the flame spitting brass-lunged juggernauts hit seventy miles an hour or better. Maybe you preferred the breath-catching thrills of the right angle turn at Krug's corner or the snaky twist of the "S" curve at Old Westbury. A fatal spill was not unlikely at one of these hairpin bends, and you did not take your thrills vicariously either. You sensed that if a driver skidded off the course on a crudely banked turn he might take you with him to eternity.

You stood at the very edge of the road, watch in hand, eyes straining, ears pricked. The atmosphere was tense with expectancy. Your teeth chattered, your hands shook, and not entirely from cold either. Suddenly the tension snapped. "Car coming!" bellowed a course marshal, in the distance, his megaphone-equipped assistant relaying that raucous warning. You retreated cautiously or edged forward according to your temperament. Stewards waved giddy yellow flags. Then your ears caught the waspish drone of a four cylinder motor, its staccato exhaust mounting in a thrumming crescendo of sound.

A black spot in the distance grew larger as the roar deepened, suddenly took shape. The glaring radiator numerals smashed you in the eye; blue flames spurted from exhaust vents in the bonnet; gay streamers, whipped horizontal by the wind, flared backwards from the helmeted heads of driver and mechanic. Here was speed that you could feel as well as see, speed that burned your cheeks, filled your eyes with oil clods and your nostrils with the stench of gas. Vanderbilt cup winners averaged a mere sixty miles an hour or less as against the ninety-five mile or better pace maintained on modern speedways, but the road race spectator got a close-up view of the hurtling cars which enabled him to appreciate this speed in sensual terms.

LONG FORGOTTEN names hop to mind. I see Jenatzy, the red headed, red moustached German, forcing his smoke-grimed white Mercedes to the limit along the Jerico pike. I see his car catch fire; swirl like a blazing comet; hear the screech of the brakes. I cannot forget Jenatzy's expression as he realizes that victory is not for him that day; I hear his lusty Teutonic curses—pungently expressive despite the alien tongue.

I see Louis Wagner, French Alsatian, skidding his wedge-nosed blue Darracq around the hairpin turn; I see tears etching smudgy channels down Dawson's cheeks as he halts his yellow Marmon after running down a heedless spectator; I see Foxhall Keene, America's allround sportsman, driving with one hand while he smothers the sparks in his smouldering moustache with the other. I see Lancia, the heavy jowled, round faced Italian idol of the mob, hurling his gray Fiat with devil-may-care abandon along the Hempstead flats.

Familiar figures pass in review; Tracy and Robertson of Locomobile fame; Wingley of the Pope-Toled with its grotesquely high water cap; Heath of the Panhard, who passed chewing gum around to spectators when his radiator sprang a leak and cemented the pipes as fast as helpful jaws could supply him with this improvised adhesive.

Of all that glamorous company only Leon Duray still grips the wheel in active competition and feels the wind sting his face. He must find "saucer dervishing" a vapid substitute for those savage brushes on the open road which emphasized driving skill, stressed resourcefulness in meeting a variety of situations, and tested the nerve of a driver and the stamina of a car as motordrome pinwheeling can never do.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

The Week's Reading

LLEWELYN POWYS whose *Dark Laughter* and *Skin for Skin* have excited and enchanted readers, has written his first novel, *Apples Be Ripe* (Harcourt, Brace $2.50), and it was worth waiting for. The imagination, the insight, the mellow humor and the rich style of the earlier books is in it, and it is, besides, an absorbing narrative. There is no legitimate reason for comparing his novel to his brother's *Wolf Solent*—except that the same passion for nature is found in both books—morbid in one, lusty in the other—but we are sure that Llewelyn is a better novelist than John Cowper. *Apples Be Ripe* has not only a theme but a theme-song! We forbear to quote it, but it sounds as though it must have been sung in Dorset since the days of Elizabeth. Indeed, not only in style but in spirit, Powys' work is part of the full-blooded tradition which ran in poetry and prose from Chaucer's day to Victoria's, and which then died not but only slept awhile. Powys and his book are simple and lusty and fertile and sleepily sensuous, and full of delicate fancies and broad jokes, and ingenuous and crafty, and egocentric and humane, and completely romantic. So in all things is Chris, hero of *Apples Be Ripe*. Like the hero of Helen Hull's recent, *Asking Price,* Chris is tricked by young love into a misfit marriage. But, unlike him, he does not peter out and finally console himself by assuring freedom to his daughter. Chris runs away. He runs to life, and finds it, with death close behind. For underlying the story is the struggle of life to assert itself over death. Almost from babyhood, the fear of death was upon Chris, and it was with him as though he could escape it only by gathering life and more life to his breast. His sins are as scarlet, but he is whiter than snow. His wanton ways are both good and wise; and his death in the midst of life is poetically just, and infinitely kind. Powys' prose is a joy and a refreshment.

A totally different approach to nature is found in the work of Zephine Humphrey.

The essays contained in her new book, *The Beloved Community* (Dutton $2.50) will add to her already considerable stature as a writer of fine prose in the tradition of the great naturists, and as probably our most gifted contemporary writer upon the theme of spiritual experience in communion with nature. The subjects of the essays center in Dorset, the Vermont community where Mrs. Humphrey lives. The essays have nothing to do with the competitive, mechanistic modern life which most of us know, but rest in a ripe, patient, humor-touched devotion to men and homes and villages, and in a mystic awareness of the presence of God in nature. One might say off hand that they have nothing to offer to the busy reader. But this is not so. For one thing some of them have, if not exactly information, our present-day idol, at least some specific advice: on how to reread the Bible, how to understand the artist, and, most delightful, how to write a Town History. But they have something still more precious to offer. While one reads them, and for some hours after, they give repose, they pass over one's tired mind like the fingers of a healing hand.

MORRIS THE FIDDLER

One of Howard Simon's woodcuts in "Tale of a Vanished Land" by Harry E. Burroughs (Houghton Mifflin)

Picturesque and charming recollections of his childhood in Old Russia are told by Harry E. Burroughs in *Tale of a Vanished Land* (Houghton, Mifflin $3.50). Burroughs, who came to this country as a penniless boy and has become a well known lawyer and philanthropist, turns back to his youth in a primitive, patriarchal community, far from the cities of Russia, and describes the quaint life of primitive people, pathetic, jolly, superstitious, close to nature. His vivid memory and his acceptable narrative style make a book full of curious interest and entertainment.

A strong, dramatic novel by a writer unknown to us is *The Viennese Lover* by Marta Karlweis (Washburn $2.50). This is a searching character study of an Austrian Don Juan, through whose career the decay and collapse of Old Austria is presented. We first see Erwein von Raidt in his reaction to the tragedy of Meyerling, which he vaguely understood to be symptomatic of that "animal malaise which . . . . its people may experience years before the collapse of an ancient organism." His whole career, thereafter, which might have been moulded into usefulness by ambition became that of the elegant to whom there are no world affairs but the affairs of his society. Von Raidt's type of thinking is common. He "thought everything uncomfortable could be imprisoned behind walls of silence," that "if one could hush up evil it wasn't there," that "nothing kept people from suspecting graves and vaults in the cellar like a dance hall on the ground floor." His Vienna was ripening for Freud. Throughout the book, there is a charnel-house smell in the boudoirs and drawing-rooms and

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theatres. In reading *The Viennese Lover,* our interest in the subtle delineation of the principal character and in the way in which that character is used to epitomize the whole social fabric blinded us somewhat to the careful management of the subsidiary characters and to the unfolding of the story. But, although fundamentally a character study, the novel has plot and action, brilliant scenes, and a clever use of indirect speech instead of dialogue. It is a book which gives intellectual rather than emotional pleasure.

In *A Virtuous Girl* (Liveright $2.50) Maxwell Bodenheim's sympathy for the good girl gone wrong overflows again in a turbulent emotional flood. Readers of *Georgie May* will remember Emmy Lou, Georgie's friend. In this new novel the first of Emmy Lou's downward steps are recorded. The author's tender pity and understanding for his heroine are matched by his pitiless scorn for all who do not share her notions of life and love. At seventeen, Emmy Lou seduces a Jewish lad—but the verb has an ugliness that does not fit the innocent sensuality of the act. The second episode with the cheap song writer at the place where she is sent to "reform" is less appealing. But the last scenes reassert the pathos of the theme. Emmy Lou explains herself as follows—"I'm going to stay beautiful to me always and everybody else can think I'm staying ugly . . . I'll never be ashamed of myself 'cause I'll never do anything I didn't want to do." Maxwell Bodenheim has his style in better control in *A Virtuous Girl* than he has had in his last few novels. He foregoes diatribe and polemic and contents himself with heavily decorative embroidery on his simple theme. He is always essentially a prose writing poet.

All the old stuff of sentimental romance is found in an up-to-date dress in *Grapevine,* a gangster story, by Jonathan Starr (Liveright $2.). The Kid (narrator) in the Tombs makes friends with Harry the Dope, and they swear blood-brotherhood. Harry gets out with the help of The Boss, and introduces the Kid to The Boss and to some of the more profitable rackets. The Boss can always straighten everything out, with the help of the "Grapevine," but gratitude is not the only payment he demands. Harry has a daughter, pure as driven snow, and he means to keep her that way. The Kid co-operates, and things go well for awhile. Then The Boss sees the girl, and messes things up for Harry and the Kid. So the Kid has to straighten them out in the good old way, trusting to the "Grapevine" to protect him. Crooks and gunmen in and out of the police force are the characters, love, loyalty and lawlessness, the themes, and the jargon of the underworld, the medium of expression in *Grapevine.*

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Reconstruction

In his study of Andrew Johnson and reconstruction entitled *The Critical Year,* (Harcourt, Brace & Company, $3.75) Howard K. Beale, assistant professor of history at Bowdoin, holds closely to his title. This is not a survey of Johnson's political career as a whole, much less a biography. It deals with the political period between Lincoln's death in April, 1865, and November, 1866 (actually, of course, a year and a half) and its main purpose is correctly described by the publisher as an intensive study of the conflict between Johnson and the radical leaders—Ben Wade, Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, and their followers.

Drawn by Kurt Wiese for "The Life Story of a Little Monkey" (Dutton)

It is often said that, if Lincoln had lived, his forcefulness, adaptability and prestige as war president would have made it easy for him to have brought about conciliation between North and South. In fact the radical leaders were bitter in their opposition to Lincoln's views while he was still living. Professor Beale says "Sumner, Wade and Stevens fought this (Lincoln's) policy under his régime as they did later under Johnson." Wade was notably bitter; Julian, another radical leader, said openly that Lincoln's views on reconstruction were "as distasteful as possible to radical Republicans." In short the conflict between radical and conservative Republicans did not originally spring from any actions or views of Andrew Johnson but was well under way before he became president. Professor Beale says that a few hours after Lincoln's death the radicals met in caucus to consider "the necessity of a New Cabinet and a new line of policy less conciliatory than that of Lincoln."

Oddly enough, Johnson himself was extreme in one point: he had positive hatred for some southern leaders, like Toombs, Stevens and Jefferson Davis, as having dragged the South into rebellion—he openly advocated hanging them. This talk of his misled the radical Republicans into supposing that Johnson would train with them. When they found that he was earnestly for conciliation and for moderate methods in remaking the nation, their hatred of him, and their personal abuse, knew no bounds; their misrepresentation, so the author holds, was all but incredible.

The period here discussed was truly critical, for in it the radicals defeated and almost destroyed a conservative movement inside the party, one which really represented Lincoln's policy. If the note of sectional antagonism had not prevailed in this period the errors and terrors of the reconstruction era might not have been.

Incidentally *The Critical Year* confirms the impressions made by the recent biographies by Winston and Stryker that Johnson's personal character, his ability and his reasoning powers were far better than have generally been supposed. That he was not a drunkard has long been established—it was like his ineptness to have his one known excessive indulgence in liquor occur on the day when the whole world was looking at him—that of his inauguration as Vice-President. Other even grosser charges of moral misconduct

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Detective: **The Best English Detective Stories of 1929**: Liveright.
Novel: **Apples Be Ripe**, by Llewelyn Powys: Harcourt, Brace.
Memoirs: **Memoirs of the Comte de Grammont**, by Hamilton, new translation by Quennell: Dutton.
Miscellaneous: **The Beloved Community**, by Zephine Humphrey: Dutton.

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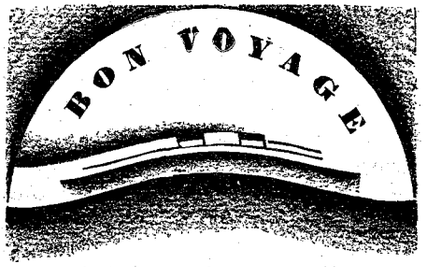
were pure inventions—he was the devoted husband of an invalid wife. But Professor Beale's book is the best exposition of the claim that Johnson's ideas and "policies" were patriotic and reasonable, or rather would have been so in a period less governed by sectional animosity not only on the question of Negro suffrage but because of deep-down industrial jealousies for the future.—R. D. T.

Among books recently published we find several which will be especially interesting to teachers and students of English, although three of them, at least, belong in by no means such a limited field. Dr. Pierce Butler's *Materials for a Life of Shakespeare* (University of North Carolina Press $2.) assembles all the early sources of information on Shakespeare, anecdotes, sketches, criticism, legal documents, and sets them down in convenient and readable form. *The Course of English Classicism* by Sherard Vines (Harcourt, Brace $1.25) is a new addition to that invaluable series, the Hogarth Lectures on Literature, which we never cease to recommend. In it the classic movement in English letters is traced from its inception at the time of the Renaissance through the romantic revival when it suffered a partial—and temporary—eclipse, to the present, when the strong neo-classic tendency of many writers shows the tradition to be persistent. *In Search of America* by Lucy Lockwood Hazard (Crowell $3.75) is designed for the use of students and teachers and should be in all school reference libraries, but it is also one of the books listed which would fit comfortably into any home library. Taking as her text Waldo Frank's words—"We all go forth to seek America; and in the seeking we create her"—she has prepared an unusually fine anthology of American material, which she presents with excellent introductory paragraphs. Biography, history, folklore, locality and criticism are the divisions of the book; and the writers whose work is represented range from Mrs. Trollope, writing of Americans a hundred years ago, to Charles Merz, writing of them today, from Thoreau to Bok, from Cotton Mather to Glenway Wescott. *The English Language* by Ernest Weekley (Cape and Smith 60 cts.) is another book, very small, useful at home or in school: in school, because the study of such poets as Chaucer, especially, would be so much richer for students if they knew what he was doing with the infant language that was in his hands; at home, because etymology is one of the most fascinating of hobbies and this book is capable of tempting the indifferent reader into it. (From this little book, he may like to go on to McKnight's grand *Modern English in the Making,* published a year or so ago by Appleton). General understanding and appreciation of new movements or of revivals in the arts is always slow; so it is only proper that Rica Brenner, writing on *Ten Modern Poets* (Harcourt, Brace $2.50) should lead her readers only up the first steps, omitting Jeffers from among her American poets and including Edna Millay, numbering Kipling and Noyes among her five Englishmen. In her preface she says that her book has been written "in the hope that through it an increased pleasure might accrue to those who read the poets' verses." And there is every reason to expect that the hope may be realized. With a little biographical data, some local color and a modicum of critical appreciation, the unpretentious book rests upon its simplicity and upon its author's intelligent devotion to her subject. Although it is probably designed for young people, *Ten Modern Poets* should serve to initiate older readers into the ways of modern poetry.

Types of World Literature, edited by Percy H. Houston and Robert M. Smith (Doubleday, Doran $3.50) is another anthology, intended for use in courses in comparative literature or for an orientation course in world literature. It is remarkably full and should be of great value.—F. L. R.

Percy C. Buck's *A History of Music* (Cape & Smith, 60 cts.) is compressed (amazing as this seems) into one hundred and twenty small pages, yet within this limited compass we find a delightful and informative bird's-eye view of the progress of music back through the ages. The word back is used advisedly as Mr. Buck begins his treatment of the subject with the aspects of music in her modern garb and traces the career of the Muse back to her infancy. The developments which take place between these two extremes he handles under the captions of the Romantic Movement, Viennese School, Contrapuntal Age, Renaissance, and Vocal Millennium. One of the amazing features of this little book is that it does not contain a single date. History without dates! Imagine the boon. And you realize how smoothly this treatment has been accomplished when you never feel the absence of the mileposts which usually block out the compass of the eras. Here one finds the progress of an art falling naturally and concretely into periods of division and development which have relationship to each other rather than relationship to the centuries.—B. W.



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Behind the Blurbs

A NUMBER OF publishers have recently announced that hereafter their new novels will be priced at $1 and $1.50 instead of at $2 and $2.50, as formerly. This price cut is the result, they say, of the reluctance of the public to buy books at the present prices. And they assert that the cut will affect neither the literary quality of the books, nor the quality of printing, paper and binding. But, said Alfred Knopf, in expressing his disapproval of the idea, "it should be obvious to any one but a lunatic that you cannot sell at $1 the same sort of book or the same sort of looking book that has sold for years at $2.50." Which does seem reasonable to us. After all, even before the War, when costs were much lower than they are now, you couldn't buy a popular novel for a dollar. "The fundamental difficulty under which the entire book industry has been laboring," says Mr. Knopf, "lies in the fact that the average bookseller cannot make a living wage out of his book business. The reason for this lies not in the discounts he gets, but in the fact that in the average American community there are not enough people who will buy sufficient books to make his volume big enough to give him a living wage." The price cutting publishers, however, seem to believe that a greater volume of books can be sold. ✤ ✤ ✤ In stating that his own firm had no intention of cutting prices, Mr. Macrae of Dutton's said: "The necessity of the author to live is apparent to every one." As an author in a small way ourself, this sounded ominous to us. If Mr. Macrae had thought it was really apparent, he wouldn't have found it necessary to say so. If a publishers' price war really takes place, we know what will happen. The authors will be the very first casualties. They'll drop off like flies. We have already put our small affairs in order, and have jotted down the addresses of several nearby charitable institutions. Motto for authors: Run, not walk, to the nearest bread-line. ✤ ✤ ✤ Everett Dean Martin's *Liberty* receives the June garland of the Book of the Month Club; James Truslow Adams' *The Adams Family* is similarly honored by the Literary Guild; and Gordon Stowell's *Button Hill* is awarded June honors by The Book League of America. ✤ ✤ ✤ And we have computed that if all the eleven million-odd Zane Grey books sold during the past twenty years were laid end to end they would reach from the house at Lackawaxen, where Mr. Grey wrote his first romance, to the Arizona desert which was the scene of the story. Isn't that poetic justice or something? ✤ ✤ ✤ *A Note in Music,* a new novel by Rosamond Lehmann, author of *Dusty Answer,* will be pub. in Sept. by Holt. ✤ ✤ ✤ The Reprint of the Month, sponsored by Charles Boni, publisher of Paper Books, will be launched next month. Dollar reprints of books considered most important will be sent to subscribers. ✤ ✤ ✤ A very beautifully illustrated super-guide-book is Raymond Escholier's *Paris*[1], containing six colored plates and 185 finely reproduced photogravure illustrations. The chapter on "Houses of Bygone Days" is especially useful. ✤ ✤ ✤ If you like true tales of buried pirate treasure, and of those who buried them and those who found them, read A. Hyatt Verrill's *Lost Treasure*[2], which brings together all the stories of hidden hoards in Central and South America, of whose existence there is some real proof, both those that have been found, and those that are still undiscovered. And for all that the author insists that eighty per cent of the stories of hidden treasure have no foundation in fact, he has gathered together enough to fill a very romantic and readable book. ✤ ✤ ✤ If you like Philo Vance, you will enjoy *The Scarab Murder Case*[3]; if you dislike him as much as we do (and we think he's awful), we nevertheless urge you to give the story a trial. In spite of him it's a good detective story. Skip his cheap imitation Oxford manner, his "old dears" and "most inveiglin's" and "don't y' knows;" skip the tons of Egyptian antiquities under which the action is buried; skip all the painstakingly gathered proofs of his and the author's erudition; and you will become really interested in why Benjamin Kyle was murdered, and why the man whose excavations he had financed, Dr. Bliss, was so obviously indicated as the murderer. Less talk and more action, a reasonable motive, and well maintained suspense make this the best story we have yet read by Mr. Van Dine. ✤ ✤ ✤ One you mustn't miss is *The Best English Detective Stories of 1929*[4], which, though not quite as good as last year's selection, is certainly the month's best bet. It has one thing in common with last year's: again J. S. Fletcher's contribution is the weakest one in the book. About half the 18 authors represented are familiar to American readers. The 3 best are Berkeley's *The Avenging Chance,* Chesterton's *The Purple Jewel,* and Valentine's *The Man Who Scared the Bank.*

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. MacVeagh, $5.00.
2. Appleton, $3.00.
3. Scribner, $2.00.
4. Liveright, $2.50.

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. A delightful romantic novel, enriched by good characterizations and an ample, vivid eighteenth century setting. Reviewed April 23.

The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with a startling denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.

The Selbys, by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their southern niece in Paris provide gay and witty light reading. Reviewed April 16.

The Party Dress, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. A tawdry story of the amours of middle-age by an author from whom we have the right to ask better things. Reviewed April 16.

Non-Fiction

Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau: Harcourt, Brace. The last broadside of a great journalist-statesman. Reviewed April 23.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. The absorbing and romantic autobiography of a famous doctor, an eccentric character and a great soul. Reviewed May 21.

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

Mata Hari, by Thomas Coulson: Harper. Detailed account of the career of the notorious dancing spy.

Toward Civilization, a symposium edited by Charles Beard: Longmans. The engineers have their day in court. Reviewed April 30 and May 14.

Magazine Articles Recommended

A Hundred Years of Lovemaking, edited by Lauraine Field. Theatre Arts Monthly, June.

In spite of a change in vocabulary and technic during the last ten decades, "one is struck," remarks the author, "by the essential sameness of the dramatist's approach to the indispensable 'love interest.'" In support of this contention Miss Field has chosen representative extracts from the works of popular dramatists, beginning with Sheridan Knowles a hundred years ago and coming down to Noel Coward of contemporary fame.

Seen and Heard in Mexico, by Harvey Fergusson. American Mercury, June.

The author, a well known writer, sets down some random impressions of the indolent land across the Rio Grande. With a cultured, beauty loving, and artistic aristocracy and an unbelievably shiftless poor—there is no middle class—Mexico presents a unique civilization. According to Mr. Fergusson, "the country is littered with beggars, is a land of parasites, where anything accessible is stolen as a matter of course, where prostitution reaches incredible proportions, and where the male pursues the business of love with a single-minded diligence that he brings to no other activity."

A Child Speaks the Mother's Tongue, by Calvin T. Ryan. Hygeia, June.

Based on the premise that primary teachers can teach more good English than a university professor, Mr. Calvin makes a plea for greater care when children are first engaged in vocal exercises.

Why I Am Helping Russian Industry, an interview with Henry Ford by W. A. McGarry. Nation's Business, June.

Mr. Ford opines that the adoption of high wages, low prices and mass production in all countries is now only a matter of time. Counting on the common sense of the Russians, he does not hesitate to deal with the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

H. L. MENCKEN deserves to be called, "The American Barb." There is little in contemporary life and manners that has not felt the jab of his pen. Particularly has he been contemptuous of American religious practices and in some instances rightly so. But now in his *Treatise on the Gods* (Knopf) he attempts to analyze the thing itself. He is clearly out of his depth. There is no denying the vividness of the writing but his discussion of the nature and development of religion and its state today is little more than a rationalization of his own dislikes. For scientists who are antagonistic to religion he has great respect but to those like Eddington he is patronizing. Those readers who still enjoy God killing will like this book but those who have outgrown this stage will find little in it that is news. A much more constructive facing of the present religious age is found in, *Humanism, a New Religion* (Simon and Schuster) by Charles Francis Potter. Ever since Humanism made the front page of the daily press this past winter we have been waiting for Dr. Potter's own statement of its case. This he has done clearly and persuasively in this book. He traces the development of Humanism, he answers the charge of atheism and he discusses the humanistic attitude toward prayer and the many other problems which inevitably arise in connection with this movement.

For the kind of living that can literally overcome the world there is needed a religion of the power displayed by the early followers of Jesus. How great that power was, how those early Christians could suffer the most fiendish torture and yet forgive, how nothing could daunt them, is all most forcibly and attractively set forth in a series of pictures of those early days of Christianity given us in *Armor of Light* (Henry Holt) by Mygatt and Witherspoon. A little group of the harassed followers of the Nazarene are pictured meeting in the catacombs waiting for the Eastern dawn. One by one each tells his experience of the Christ, tells it in his own way or as the authors put it, "Not quite his words. For their ears and ours are different. But the gist of it all . . . . To them, in the shadowy crypt, sealed with disgrace and shame, in peril of death itself. And to us—to us who come after." Through the pages of this lovely story there shines the spirit of those first years of the Christian faith. Here is a tale which has a beauty and a strength suggestive of Quo Vadis and Ben Hur. And the faith of those early Christians beyond doubt was based upon their belief that Jesus had conquered death. The rationalist will say that they were mistaken but it is certain that without that belief there would have been no Christian Church. And on what does the skeptic base his rejection of the Easter story? Almost entirely on an a priori conviction that such a thing could not happen. It is evident that he does not base it on an actual weighing of the evidence.

Who Moved the Stone? (Century) by Frank Morison is the most searching survey of the evidence for the resurrection we have ever seen. He has given years to the study and he sifts the evidence bit by bit and follows the clues with all the acuteness of a master detective. He is thoroughly familiar with the various theories offered to account for the disciples' overpowering belief in the resurrection of Jesus but none of them, he is convinced, is strong enough to bear the weight of the simple fact that the keen opponents of this heresy of a risen Christ could not produce the body of Jesus. Fraud, on the part of the disciples, is out of the question. That was psychologically impossible. That Jesus swooned and revived is also ruled out because he would still have to die and that would give the lie to the resurrection story.

Another book which states the case for a supernatural Christianity is by the well known layman, church leader, Dr. Robert E. Speer. It is called, *Some Living Issues* (Revell) and in it Dr. Speer takes up the great convictions of the Church and defends them valiantly. He challenges particularly those who criticise the work of Christian missionaries and he shows how unfair and unsound most of these criticisms are. He makes clear too that Christianity is of necessity a missionary religion and that Christians are bound to seek to propagate their faith, that they would be less than Christian if they did not. When so many voices are uncertain it is welcome to have this clear note from one of the great religious leaders of this century who has proved by his life his right to speak. Whether or not one agrees with his doctrine one cannot but admire the sublime faith and the tireless energy which have made his own life so inspiring to thousands of his fellows.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Texan"

THE BACKSTAGE all-singing, all-dancing films—well named Hollywood's hoof and mouth disease—are definitely on the run, and we are now about to be deluged with old time westerns abounding in examples of pure womanhood and fearless square-shooters whose only pals are their guns and their horses. The success of the really excellent *Virginian* some months ago confirmed the producers' guess that the public would be interested in this sort of thing—and now here they are.

Two of the latest are from O. Henry stories, *The Texan* with Gary Cooper and *The Arizona Kid* with Warner Baxter. Gary Cooper's picture (made from *A Double-Dyed Deceiver)* is the best, partly because Mr. Cooper is an infinitely superior actor and partly because *The Texan* has more variety. It is quite possible that the film bears only superficial resemblances to the O. Henry story—but the fact is that it is novel and diverting. Gary Cooper is a cowboy who is commandeered by a crook to answer a South American woman's ad for her long lost son. The trouble is that when Mr. Cooper gets to South America intent on robbing the old lady, his nerve fails him and he stays to marry his pretty "cousin" (Fay Wray).

The Arizona Kid shows Mr. Baxter as a curly-haired bad-man who smiles and chuckles far too much to be convincing. There is something artificial, annoying and stagy about Mr. Baxter's smile which spoiled the film for me. It is full of stage coach holdups, shootings and horses galloping over hill and dale. Please note that *The Arizona Kid* is *not* punished for all his bad deeds—but rides away into the sunset with his gal across his saddle.

"So This is London"

Will Rogers, Irene Rich and a childish story fashioned on the pattern of a continued comic strip are only occasionally amusing. On the whole *So This is London* is not so good, being merely another movie about gawky Americans and bewhiskered, funny-paper Englishmen. Will Rogers, who hates Englishmen, takes his family to Europe. On the way over his son falls in love with the daughter of a British lord who hates Americans. After a series of misadventures including an engaging episode in which Will Rogers "follows the hounds," they all make up and everybody is happy.

I believe this is Miss Rich's first talking film. Her voice is quite satisfactory. The young girl in the picture is Maureen O'Sullivan, who was discovered by the John McCormack company while making *Song o' My Heart* in Ireland.

"Ladies Love Brutes"

Something different and engrossing might have been done with a structural steel worker for a hero. The boys who ride the girders and sling rivets seventy or more floors above the street can hardly help being exciting. George Bancroft's new film, on the other hand, is pretty bad, for after a few brief, dizzy shots of steel workers, *Ladies Love Brutes* turns out to be a routine and unusually trite movie featuring a kidnaped chee-ild, a steel-worker's first struggles with a dress shirt, and his unsuccessful love for a classy society lady (Mary Astor). It seems that people who don't know how to wear evening clothes are still terribly, terribly funny.

"Ladies of Leisure"

Here is a film admirably calculated to make chambermaids cry into their gin and high school girls twist their little pink hankeys into sodden lumps. It's all about a gold digger, who falls in love with a painter while working as his model—but, my dear, you know how it is with Love—it reforms you and purifies you and makes a great light come into your eyes. The trouble is that his high-brow social-register-family doesn't understand about the change in her, and tells her that she will ruin his career. So she sacrifices herself and goes off to Havana with a roué to forget—but she can't and attempts suicide. The dialogue is frequently preposterous, but the action is commendably speedy and I think the film should have considerable success with the people for whom it was made.

"True to the Navy"

I must confess that when Clara Bow gets "jazzy" and begins elbowing her way through a tune, her lips drawn back over her big white teeth, her nostrils dilated and her curly hair waving rhythmically, I am quite, quite terrified. Wild wolves, angry lions and infuriated tigers would seem less dangerous and I thank my stars that she can not reach down off the screen and gouge out my eyes—no, not even with sound she can't. Following her recent effort, *The Fleet's In,* Miss Bow has now produced *True to the Navy,* in which this flower of American girlhood appears as a soda fountain clerk who makes eyes at sailors in order to induce them to buy her expensive presents from the drug store where she works. Statistics (which are *never* wrong) prove that Clara Bow is about the most popular of the movie stars, and that her name in the lights will draw more sailors, schoolgirls and other young people than almost anybody else. Well, perhaps I just don't understand about things.

"Bride of the Regiment"

Every few years movie producers reach up to the top shelf, take down *The Lady in Ermine,* shake out the moths, and get some people to run through the business once again. I doubt that even the familiarity of the plot could account for the acute boredom which seized me while listening to this operetta. Perhaps the actors had something to do with it, or the song writers whose efforts included: "Holding you so tight in a mad delight."

Circus Note

You who go to the circus may be interested to know that Lillian Leitzel, the little lady who climbs way up a rope all by herself, and Alfredo Codona, her husband (who is now one of the aerialists in the same circus), doubled for Emil Jannings and Lya dePutti in the making of *Variety* some years ago. Furthermore, both Mr. and Mrs. Codona are unusually skilful with their amateur movie camera, and have a hamperful of reels of circus life.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: A tremendously honest and dramatic War film—unlike anything ever done in this country. Remarque's novel faithfully brought to life.
The Big Pond: Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert have a little fun with the big, big business man. His best American film.
Journey's End: The British War play, just as it was given on the stage.
King of Jazz: Paul Whiteman and his band in a fairish revue which has speed, if not humor.
The Man from Blankley's: John Barrymore in a slightly insane light comedy—good fun.
The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett sings beautifully, but the story is cut out of cardboard.
Song o' My Heart: John McCormack singing ballads to Alice Joyce.
The Devil's Holiday: A good performance by Nancy Carroll in a story about a country boy taken in by a city girl—which is much better than it sounds.
The Silent Enemy: Ojibway Indians, wolves, caribou and some handsome scenery. A fine and occasionally dramatic record of the vanishing Americans.

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The Theatre

By O. D. C.

ONE MAY judge of the strides which sophistication has made among American theatre-goers by a comparison of the reception given *The Tavern* over a decade ago when Arnold Daly had the leading rôle, with the revival of it offered last week by George Cohan—with the playwright himself in the part of the drama loving lunatic.

Uncertainty, doubtful amusement, divided opinion as to what "All the shootin'" was about filled the first audiences at those performances. Even Arnold Daly himself, so the story goes, mistook the point of the play until he arrived at the lines of the final scene. And although this must have been at the first reading—it could not have been after even one rehearsal—he played the part with immense seriousness, with the keen appreciation of a man who at last finds himself completely involved in the kind of thrilling drama he has always longed for—but not with any hint of satirical aloofness. Arnold Daly's vagabond was as caught up as the others with the reality of the melodrama. He merely relished it as the Devil might have relished a particularly fine piece of villainy that was actually afoot.

Not so George Cohan, ten years later. Much water has flowed under the theatrical bridge in those years. Sketches, burlesque, *Ten Nights in a Bar-room,* the Morley satires of old favorites over in Hoboken—*After Dark, The Black Crook,* etc.—a whole host of satirical take-offs (Do you recollect Henry Hull as the stranded actor who became Mayor, and played the part as it should be played?) many spoofings of the early Theodore Kremer-Owen Davis melodramas: all these have seen the footlights since George Cohan first saw the manuscript of *The Tavern.* And the effect upon the presentation of the original satire is unmistakable.

Here is a vagabond who never misses an opportunity to burlesque his own stuff, who—crazy though he may be upon the subject—never for an instant sees himself as anything but a commentator upon the scenes in which he is also a principal actor, and who finally even advances to the footlights and makes his speech to the audience while the action of the melodrama stands stock still.

George Cohan is never for a second convincing as a drama-loving soul who, otherwise harmless, is nevertheless a lunatic. Instead, he is the incarnation of the modern sophisticated audience, caught up, entertained and even thrilled by the inexplicable, mysterious and melodramatic events of the stormy night at the Tavern—but viewing all the happenings with the satirical amusement and cynical comment of the sophisticated Broadway theatre-goer. He is the hard-boiled stage director present, sotto voce, at a half-baked ham show. He is Miss Nineteen Thirty at a performance of *Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl.*

As such he is well-nigh perfect. And to our taste lays all over Arnold Daly of lamented memory. For while he lays himself open to the merited charge of obviousness and occasional flat-footedness—jokes told with a pointer—nevertheless he gives to the spoofing of the exciting melodrama and its incredibly banal and well-worn lines a cohesion and a sustained point of view that round out the satire completely and effectively. He disappoints only when he overdoes it—which makes his audience wonder why the man who could write such subtle satire should be insulting his hearers by apparently believing that they are not as intelligent as he.

As for the rest of the show, it is as highly diverting as ever. The two identical entrances of the Sheriff can never pall; the creator of "What's all the shootin' for" plays his original part; the wind whistles and the thunder rolls as terrifically as of yore; mystery, villainy, pistol shots, romance, all fill the taut great room of the Tavern—and the greatest assemblage of "hokum" ever seen on any stage still gets over, all the better for the kidding it receives.

Considered as a satire on the American pre-war theatre—and a lot of the post-war, too!—it remains as excellent a piece as it ever was. It will brighten the evening of many a theatre-goer, we hope, all summer.

The Outlook Recommends:

Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.

Fifty Million Frenchmen: Expertly produced musical comedy.

Sons o' Guns: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue and alluring Lily Damita.

Topaze: Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.

The Green Pastures: The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.

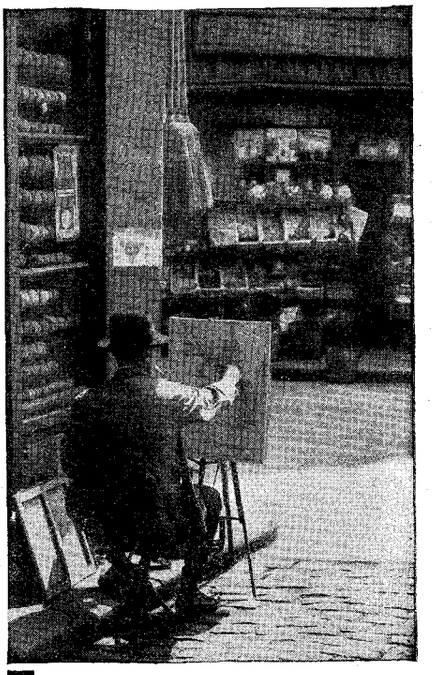
Simple Simon: Thank Heaven for Ed. Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.

Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.

Hotel Universe: Fourth dimensional psychology—a bit heavy but extremely interesting.

Uncle Vanya: Moving Russian tragedy, splendidly produced—with Lillian Gish.

Flying High: The ideal summer musical show—with Bert Lahr more amusing than ever.



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Statistics are dull but Europe is swell. Don't read about dead things, do live ones.

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Schumann-Heink

By PITTS SANBORN

IN APRIL of this year Ernestine Schumann-Heink gave a song recital at New York's Town Hall. By her own testimony the distinguished contralto was born on June 15, 1861, so this recital stands as a challenge of vitality to time. But it was also, regarded from any point of view, a notable artistic occasion.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's first public appearance occurred as a member of the solo quartet of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony away back in 1876. On October 13, 1878, she made her operatic début at Dresden as Azucena in *Il Trovatore*. Her most recent performance in opera took place at our own Metropolitan on February 21, 1929. From the heroic age when, in Borrovian phrase, Thor and Freya were yet gods and Odin was a portentous name, a voice of prophecy and warning then uttered the message of the great singing. It was the voice of Ernestine Schumann-Heink dedicated to the oracular sentences of Erda in *Das Rheingold*.

This Erda marked a career in the lyric drama of over half a century. Such operatic longevity, though phenomenal, is not unique. Take the case of Dame Nellie Melba, who a little more than a year ago sang Mimi in *La Bohème* three times in her native Australia. Now, the year of Mme. Melba's birth has been variously given as 1857, 1859, and 1861. Again, the late Lilli Lehmann (born, pursuant to an operatic vagueness, in either 1842, 1845, or 1848) made her début as the First Boy in *The Magic Flute* in 1865. She sang Isolde at Vienna as lately as 1909 and the First Lady in *The Magic Flute* and Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* at Salzburg in 1910, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, put to her credit subsequent appearances as Donna Anna, Norma, Isolde, the three Brünnhildes, and even Violetta in *La Traviata*. There was also Adelina Patti, the matchless soprano of the everlasting "farewells."

Such cases, however, are the exception, and they are mainly limited to a recent period of singing. In the so-called "Golden Age," and earlier, conditions were different. At the time of Cecilia Grassi's marriage to John Christian Bach, Mrs. Papendiek pronounced her "rather *passée* for a prima donna," though she was only twenty-seven. The celebrated Maria Malibran actually died when she was twenty-eight. Giuditta Pasta was virtually finished at the age of thirty-one. Jenny Lind's career in opera, which began when she was seventeen, lasted exactly eleven years and two months, Annie Louise Cary's twelve years. It was held prodigious that Giulia Grisi should sing for twenty consecutive seasons at Covent Garden, London, and that Pauline Viardot, Malibran's much younger sister, should round out a stage life of twenty-five years.

Other phenomena were Angelica Catalani, whose ultimate withdrawal did not occur until thirty-three years after her début (effected at the age, officially, of fifteen), and Henriette Sontag, who emerged from eighteen years of retirement to resume in her forties her long interrupted operatic triumphs. However, for the singing women of the "Golden Age" to be at it still at three score years and ten was unheard of—very likely because in those fortunate days accomplished vocalists, as Goethe said of genius, ran in the streets.

Such is so far from being the state of affairs in our own year of vocal disgrace that when we are lucky enough to have a Schumann-Heink, a Melba, a Lehmann we never want to give them up. A valuable and engrossing study might be made of the lasting power of vocalists (especially if they told the whole truth and nothing but the truth about their birthdays).

In the case of Mme. Schumann-Heink, her long-continuing career may be attributed to magnificent physical stamina, a sound vocal method, and care never to over-tax the copious native gift of voice. It is true that on occasion she has sung rôles which were not designed for a contralto, such as Venus in *Tännhauser* and Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*. Nevertheless, unlike some discontented contraltos of a vaulting ambition, she never allowed herself to be enticed into attempting Fidelio, Isolde, any of the Brünnhildes, or Kundry in *Parsifal*.

One observes that she can scarcely have coddled herself in the interest of a career. Thrice married, the mother of seven children and the step-mother of one, she has carried on her career as part of an exuberant human life—one of its normal functions. And yet how this woman could work in the discharge of her musical duties may be gathered from the record of a single day when she was a member of the Hamburg opera company.

Pollini, the impresario, ruled not only the opera house, but also the Civic Theatre and still another playhouse in

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Hamburg's Prussian suburb of Altona. It was at the time of the *Trilby* craze when within a compass of eight hours or so Mme. Schumann-Heink accomplished the following: she sang "Ben Bolt" behind the scenes in *Trilby* at the Civic Theatre in the afternoon; then she began her evening over at Altona as Lady Pamela in *Fra Diavolo;* that done, she whisked back in a cab to the Hamburg Opera House in time to declaim Erda's admonitions in the last act of *Siegfried.*

"So I made sixty marks in one day—think of it! Ach, I would have sung Mephistopheles to have earned that extra money!" she herself tells in Mary Lawton's biography. It may be explained that at the time in question Mme. Schumann-Heink was already supporting a family of five and that her day of big emoluments had not yet arrived. The recognition gained later in London, Bayreuth, and America, of course, brought her fortune as well as fame.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is perhaps even more widely recognized in this country for her maternity than for the length and distinction of her musical services. Many another prima donna has successfully mothered a large family. This one, however, has gone further. She has mothered her audiences, she has mothered towns and cities where she has sung, she mothered the A.E.F., and now she mothers the American Legion. In fact, her adoption of the army of the United States is probably the most astonishing feat of an altogether amazing woman, especially when one recalls her Austrian birth and the fact that her oldest son was in the German service. But Ernestine Schumann-Heink is universal and unbeatable.

Sometimes she makes a speech and a good one. Recently she declared against girls smoking, drinking, and bobbing their hair. She herself in the multiplicity of her life has never lacked time for sewing and cooking. Maybe the answer to all this is that as few girls come into the world with her gift of domesticity as with her gift of music. Some will regard Schumann-Heink as a rebuke to flappers; some will regard flappers as a challenge to Schumann-Heink. In any event, the eminent contralto has achieved a tremendous human success. The millions who have rejoiced in her vital and lavish art earnestly hope that it will flourish in the future as in the past.

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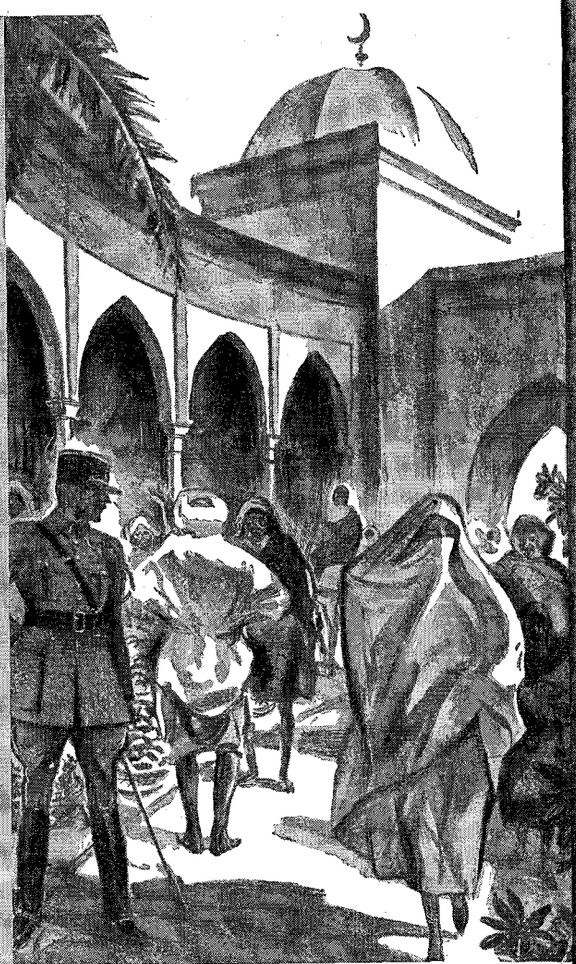

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Sleuth

THE COP was prowling his beat, looking for suspicious characters. Suspicious characters in general did not interest him. His eye, narrowed and suspicious, was watching for a certain type; a type carefully deduced from the known facts of the crime. He was looking for a small boy who had an evil face, a clever eye and a cool nerve.

The Cop had never seen this one. Personally he had nothing against him except the fact that he was elusive. But the crime was a dark one and the finger of circumstance pointed steadily at some unknown and unsubstantial creature aged about ten.

The gas meters in the neighborhood—the kind that run by slots and coins—had been robbed of their savings and the Cop had been sent out to round up suspicious looking small boys. He was more uneasy than he was willing to admit because to himself, both from experience and personal knowledge, all small boys were suspicious looking. Some naturally more so than others. But he had noticed—very astutely for a Cop—that a boy with an innocent and candid eye, that held himself with gravity and went about his business with a certain look of noble purpose, was often the very ringleader of evil design and crafty machinations. Therefore, to the Cop, any small boy with a cherubic and beguiling countenance was evil looking. The others were evil looking by nature. So it was difficult to decide upon the ones worth rounding up. With the true detective's instinct he had come to the conclusion that only the outward, unusual details were worth observing.

The Cop reminded himself of this principle as he stared at the boy under immediate consideration. For the boy presented something of a problem. Neither angelic nor slit-eyed, he had about him an air of assurance and a straight look that indicated nerve. He seemed inclined to be reserved and while he answered what was asked of him with a certain degree of attention, appeared to be anxious to be off and away. That was suspicious. But the outward and incriminating detail was a large tin can, obviously made for tobacco, that was jammed rakishly in the rear pocket of this boy's trousers.

"Smoking eh, you've been smoking," said the Cop.

"No I ain't," said the boy firmly.

"You can't put that over on me," said the Cop. If you ain't been smoking what's that can doing?"

"Nothing," said the boy.

"Nothing hey," blew out the Cop, "I suppose you carry it because it looks pretty? I suppose it never had a thing in it?"

The boy lifted his head and looked respectfully at the Cop. He looked down again and said quietly, "It's my farm." He opened his mouth and closed it again. Then, "It's my farm," he repeated.

The Cop puffed out his cheeks and turned red. His eyes bulged blue. Pulling his leg! The kid was pulling his leg.

"Your farm? Well, ain't that pretty," said the Cop. "We'll just walk over to the station here and tell the Sergeant all about it. The Sergeant, he's been looking for a boy who's got a farm." This time, he told himself, he'd used his brains. He dropped a hand upon the shoulder that was somewhat sharp under the short jacket and turned the creature towards the police-station.

But the journey was a short one and in a few minutes they both stood, large and small, in front of the Sergeant.

"On the question of those gas meters," began the Cop, "Here's a guy might tell you something."

"Here's a guy," went on the Cop, "has a big tobacco tin in his pants. But he don't smoke atall. Oh, no, he's got a—Hey, what did ya say ya got there in that can?"

"It ain't anything you'd want to see," said the boy quietly.

"Oh!" said the Sergeant. "So that's the way it looks to you. Well, it don't look that way to me. Not a little bit. Here you, hand it over."

But they didn't wait for him to hand it over. The Cop saw to its removal, and the Sergeant saw to the rest. Before the prisoner could open his mouth in alarm the top was off his precious box, the contents were spilled rudely on the Sergeant's desk. In another instant twenty-five young water snakes were joyfully making free with police headquarters.

The prisoner, being a boy who wasted neither time nor words, was on his hands and knees, under chairs, behind the desks, off into the corners gathering up his farm. Only when it was all over, when the contrite police had done what they could to help him retrieve his darlings, did he explain his anguish. "It's my farm," he said again. "I breed 'em all and I sell 'em, and nowadays water snakes come high."

Millions from Dumb-bells

(Continued from Page 166)

owner whose twin journalistic principles are: give them love and more love and more love; any divorce is more news than any war.

It is difficult to work on the *Graphic*, as the salaries are small and positions insecure. The short, mild man who is boss, wandering in a thicket of yes men who toss their cigarettes out the window on his approach, indulges in periodic reorganizations which, when over, result in the elevation of the humble and the toppling of the mighty. Notes are sent to the editors within two hours ordering that a certain story be run as it is, cut, killed, played up, played down, that it be run with pictures, run on the second page, buried in the back, and finally that the editor use his own judgment. Once a week Macfadden appears for a conference.

These conferences have led to great deeds. Gathered about him are his executives. He stands before them, his spiked hair flying out, Macfadden, the Apostle of Manifest Physical Culture. Rapidly he outlines his latest scheme. The executives nod blankly. They do not understand. To them he is a man in the dark attempting to explain, to others in the dark, the size of an object on which his hand rests. Words obscure his thought, wrapping it in verbal hindering blankets. At last the executives admit defeat. They see no object, but Macfadden knows that his hand holds something valuable. Once it was the *Graphic*, once the *Daily Investment News*.

Macfadden is fortified through it all by an uncanny divining rod which tells him where lie rich formations of those submerged millions to whom the usual form of reading matter does not exist. They are virgin property to him. He takes his readers away from no other publisher. He creates a reading public. The *Daily Investment News*, a ten cent tabloid, constitutes the finest example of his skill in exploring for untouched readers. A year ago the *Investment News* appeared just when the country was busiest figuring paper profits on the backs of envelopes. Elevator boys, governesses, small business men, clerks, manicurists, barbers, waiters, all were playing the market; lambs on the bull side. Market letters with their technicalities meant nothing to them. The long winded discussions in other journals were as incomprehensible to them as they frequently are to more literate readers.

For just such a public Bernarr Macfadden offered his *Daily Investment News*. It is simple, clear, concise, giv-

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ing not only reports of what the market did yesterday, phrased in definite terms, but it also provides attractive features with a personal element. There is a delightful column of prophecy in which Waldo Young tells how the market will open, whether it is best to buy in the first hour or wait for the last fifteen minutes. A more informal column, called "It Is Said," chats about stocks in this vein: "Gold dust may do better. I say the issue will do better. Radio looks lower. Say, you fellows will drive me goofy. One tells me it looks higher, the next man tells me it looks lower. Will you please come to terms? And don't tell me that difference of opinion is what makes a market." By far the most important service lies in a whole section devoted to advice to specific readers in which they are told what stocks to buy, which to take a loss on, to switch to; which stocks to trade with, and which are excellent for investment. In general, the paper fathers the novice, thrusting out a friendly shoulder on which all troubles may be laid. So friendly is it that now not only its own audience reads it, but also many highly intelligent men who would never read such a publication in their own field. They are fond of this little paper doing for Wall Street what Winchell used to do for the *Graphic* and now does for the *Mirror*. Winchell makes real and personal, Society, the Stage, the Screen. The *Daily Investment News* makes real and personal, American Telephone and Telegraph, Radio, United Gas Improvement. Both rely on mergers and split-ups.

Both were destined only for The Crowd, but both magnetized readers of normally different standards. It is the virtue of this man that he knows those inner journalistic desires of the majority of the population. Through him are filled the air spaces in the thoughts of the multitude; through him, Bernarr Macfadden, the first strong man to make millions out of dumb-bells.

They Do Escape

(Continued from Page 172)

forms a marked contrast with that of the fourteen who so foolishly tried to penetrate the jungle on their own. He ran away to a village of Bush Negroes who treated him very well, mainly because he sang to them a great deal and was always cheerful.

The Bush Negroes took him up one of the rivers until they reached the country of an Indian tribe with whom they have friendly relations.

These Indians guided him over the mountains to Brazil and handed him over to another friendly tribe. In this fashion he worked his way to Manaos, that jungle metropolis in the heart of Amazonas. He soon drifted into the cattle ranches that dot the great plain north of that city and then into the British cattle country which borders on Brazil. There he heard for the first time of the diamond fields and immediately repaired to them where his working knowledge of English and really good education secured him a position with one of the large companies.

I have met and talked with dozens of these escaped Frenchmen from the much touted Devil's Island. I have seen many more. Any Jefe Civil on the Orinoco will be delighted to tell the interested that scores of convicts pass through his Jefectura and that they are a source of considerable worry for he can never be sure but what one of them may be a political or otherwise important prisoner whose escape will cause complications between the French and Venezuelan governments.

Within the past year a case of that sort occurred. The French government demanded that Venezuela give up a certain Cayennero whose trial in France had caused a stir. I forget the details of the affair and never heard what the man's ultimate fate was although the American newspapers carried the story. It merely happens that in the stream of unimportant fugitives there was one important criminal. Occasional incidents of this sort lend color to the belief that only a very few men have ever successfully broken out of Devil's Island and the existence of this perfect stream of escaping men goes unnoticed. But they do escape. Lots of them.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of May 31, 1950

The award of the Puck Medal for the fastest aircraft globe-girdling record of the month will be announced next Tuesday by General Lindbergh, chairman of the award committee.

The Senate last week confirmed the appointment of John B. Johnson as ambassador to the United States of Europe.

The International Pulitzer Prize for the greatest engineering achievement of 1949 was awarded this week to Jules de Jules for making a truck garden of the Sahara Desert.

An editorial in the Chicago *News-Tribune* last week advocated heavier fines for office building owners failing to supply their window cleaners with parachutes.

Mighty Hunters

(Continued from Page 184)

Again your genuine big-game hunter will protest. That was a tusk-hunting, commercial trophy-hunting orgy by the people of Montana, not to be confused with real sport.

But when the genuine hunter of big game finishes his description, what is the net result? He has described a long and tiring horseback ride into the mountains, the glories of nature, outdoor life, outdoor cookery, the stalking of an elk or moose, and a rifle shot. The rifle shot alone distinguishes the affair from a similar trip by a "dude" with a camera. The hazards and hardships of elk hunting are those of mountain climbing, plus the danger of accidentally shooting one's self or being shot by the guide.

Probably the most difficult big-game hunting in the United States is the pursuit of black bears in the Southern Appalachians, or of mule deer in the chaparral of California, while the most dangerous is the pursuit of Rocky Mountain goats or bighorn sheep. Yet these four animals are timid and inoffensive. The difficulty and the hazard are simply due to thickness of undergrowth and the danger of falling down a cliff or an icebank.

The most dangerous animal in the United States is the bull bison, and there have been mighty buffalo-hunters in America! I talked recently with a resident of Kansas who had been a minor rival of Buffalo Bill in the seventies.

"Was it good sport, this bison-shooting?" I asked him.

"Just like killing cows in the barnyard," he answered.

On Estevan Point peninsula, Vancouver Island, is a herd of wild cattle. The Hesquiaht Indians hunt them for food. As a big-game proposition, they are equal to anything on the continent, swift-footed, dangerous if cornered, living on a rough, densely forested terrain. These attributes ought to make them worth a $50 hunting license and a $400 fee for guides and pack horses. Who will pay it?

There you get to the bottom of big-game psychology. It is the glamor of an ancient mode of life, the sense of power in the man who finds himself superior to the animal, the thrill of pride in the trophy on the wall or the rug on the floor. Let such a man, if he would taste reality, shoot a wild bull on Estevan peninsula, mount the head above his fireplace, and say to a friend with pride and nonchalance:

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Elizabeth Stanwood (A B Vassar College)
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THE PASTURE, Columbia Lake, Columbia, Conn. Unique place for restful vacation. Boating, swimming, good food, pure water, no mosquitoes. References. **Edith Sawyer.**

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York Camps, Loon Lake
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Equipment and service that appeal to persons of refinement
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OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT CLASSIFIED SECTION—*Continued*

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WILL TAKE one or two boys for the summer, individual attention. Have a nice camp for rent. Ideal place for rest and quiet. 9476 Outlook and Independent.

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WIDOWER over sixty, wants October 1st., two congenial cultivated women companions for winter evenings. Must be good bridge players. They will have third floor and two bathrooms of Murray Hill house and board. Both free during day, except one keeps house mornings. One woman now probably available for either position. Write full particulars of cultural background to P. O. Box One hundred seventy-two, Wall Street Station, New York City.

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PRACTICAL young woman of 25, American, with general college background, desires position as companion-secretary. Has secretarial experience and personality. Willing to travel. Excellent references. 9465 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED, American lady wishes position to care for elderly lady or as companion for travelling. A good home (inland preferred) and moderate salary only is desired. 9471 Outlook and Independent.

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EXPERIENCED lady's companion, secretary, attendant. Young American Protestant. Healthy, refined, educated, dependable. Go anywhere. Good traveller. References. H. S. FULLER, Box 328 Back Bay P. O., Boston, Mass.

MIDDLE-AGED English woman, children's nurse, personal maid, desires position with family going abroad. Available after June 15th. Best of references. Telephone, Englewood 4051.

ORGANIST-DIRECTOR — Desires position in church that advocates a program of musical education for its young people. 9481 Outlook and Independent.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position as companion and home mother—capable—experienced. References exchanged. 9482 Outlook and Independent.

LADY (Kindergarten and first grade experience) seeks position tutoring, or caring for child, or companion to elderly lady. Will travel. Best references. 9483 Outlook and Independent.

POSITION wanted by college trained teacher, 4 years' experience, as tutor or chaperon for children. References. 9488 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

WANTED—Position as private secretary. References. 9479 Outlook and Independent.

EXPERIENCED teacher, Smith College graduate, with work at Columbia University and Akron Ohio University, will tutor during summer months in Metropolitan District in High School and Elementary subjects. Address E. M. Reid, 334 West 87th Street, or until June 15th—26 East Tallmadge Ave., Akron, Ohio.

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QUICK SALE OF SURPLUS DAHLIAS—Enormous varieties. Several cost from $2.00 to $5.00 per bulb. All colors, unlabeled, 10 for $1.00. Post paid. **MRS. B. D. BAILEY, Dahlia Specialist, Litchfield, Conn.**

"Got that fellow on Vancouver Island; one shot. Rather lucky, too; he was charging."

Yet that glamor, aided by the interest of the outfitter, holds up the national-park program of the United States.

Jobs After Motherhood

(Continued from Page 169)

Alas, there is no place for dowagers under a system where the individual establishes his own contact with society. When a woman's business of rearing children is done and her husband needs her no more, she fails to function socially. What more natural, then, than for her to seek to establish her value according to the prevailing standard?

In this connection I recall a conversation at a luncheon table where I sat with eight wives of successful business men, women of wealth and leisure. To my surprise every one of them expressed a desire to go into business for herself. I wondered why. Then one of them said: "My husband says that the most important women in America are Eleanor Beard, Elizabeth Arden and Alice Foote MacDougall." Their husbands admired women who could succeed in the man's field. Very well, they would show these husbands that they, too, could win their admiration.

The pertinent question is how mothers may overcome the difficulties without too great a sacrifice; in this case, how women may get out of the alley without abandoning motherhood. This is really the crux of the problem.

Can homemaking be made to serve as an apprenticeship for learning something of social value? Can motherhood yield a discipline for competitive work? If in the past it has not, may not the reason be that it has been treated as a blind-alley job? For my part, I can imagine it being approached and used in such a way that it could train women so that they would have something of real value to offer the business world.

I can even imagine that the entrance of many middle-aged women into business might be of great social importance. Young women who go into the business world strive to be as nearly as possible like the men they find there. Their entrance, therefore, has not served to bring to it any fresh viewpoints, or different qualities. But the woman who has spent twenty years dealing with human problems at close range, serving purely human needs and the most fundamental of these, ought to have a different viewpoint from that of the men who have been dealing with other problems.

I do not mean, of course, that the elder women should bring sentimentality into business, or femininity, or altruism, or "ideals" as men expected them to do into politics. I mean something far more elemental and more difficult to explain. I can best, perhaps, do it by analogy.

An older man comes into a business, a man who has been trained in another business. He can see openings that those whom the routine of this business has blinded do not, suggest processes that those whom habit has mechanized do not, have an initiative that those whom boredom or fear has dulled do not.

We have all seen some elder woman with a deep experience of life but no contact with the business world to whom people took their troubles, who seemed to have acquired some spiritual strength on which others could draw on demand. To me she epitomizes what women, as women, could bring into the business world from their home-making, mothering job. Perhaps it is, after all, only character. Surely business needs that.

Character alone, however, is no open sesame to the business world. There must come with it an equipment to do some task in that world. This means training, study, preparation. In short there is no easy way for the mother to escape her blind-alley job. Yet she must face the fact that society has, as often in the past, played a trick upon her. It has shortened her job, and lengthened her years. To change that job into a lane may be the work of Titans. But what else can she do?

In This Issue

Allene Talmey, whose "Millions from Dumb-bells" appears in this issue, is a frequent contributor to the magazines, and author of *Doug and Mary and Others*, a study of prominent moving picture personalities.

Desmond Holdridge is an officer in the merchant marine and has made many trips to South America while in the service. At present he is in Brazil.

Emily Newell Blair was formerly a leader of the Woman's Suffrage movement and is now first vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. She is also a member of the D.A.R., the League of Women Voters and many other associations.

Irving Brant has specialized in camera work particularly in connection with the study of wild animal life in America. He is a member of the staff of the St. Louis *Star*.

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With Our Readers

Spend and Grow Rich

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Houston, Texas*

SIR—One of the rare joys of life is to find expressed a thought or train of thought that you have clung to with earnest conviction without having been able to express yourself. "In Defense of the Spendthrift" in your April 16th number brings this joy to a spender from a race of spenders. The types are Shylock and Francois Villon. The former has a semblance of respect shown him for what he has; the latter is loved for what he is. The saver is the servant of the spender. The saver provides material when needed for the spender to use in building civilization, culture, history.

J. T. VOGLER

Revival of Learning

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New Haven*

SIR—I should like to add a few details, overlooked by the author of your recent article on Dr. W. L. Phelps. It was my fortune to be taught by Dr. Phelps during his first year at Yale, when I was a freshman. That was thirty-eight years ago, and I have known him as a friend ever since, and as a colleague for the last thirty years.

Dr. Phelps broke in on the arid curriculum of the nineties like a stream of cold water over desert sands. That was his fortune; but he was worthy of it. He has always interested himself in the sometimes Forgotten Student, even in the so-called "common man" who is now at such a discount in universities which specialize upon the production of geniuses. He was interested in men rather than things. He was, in a word, human—the very antithesis of the pedant or the intellectually arrogant. Furthermore, he never took himself too seriously, herein obeying the eleventh commandment of the teacher. He was precisely what we young fellows needed, for he made intellectual things attractive instead of repellant and offensive.

If there is any other man now living who has got more boys to reading, I should like to know who he is. During his first year he organized a voluntary class, which met Monday evenings and did a great deal of honest work on the nineteenth century English poets, without any idea of profiting by it in the line of "honors," badges, or gauds of any sort. No one was allowed in that group who would not make a vow to cover all the ground he laid out, week by week—and there was a lot of it. For one, I date much of my interest in literature from that period.

I know well enough that Dr. Phelps looks upon the scientist as a sort of unhappy, dismal sort of fellow, and that he cannot understand why one wants to muddle about with Hottentots and mores very much. Nevertheless, he has always been encouraging to us all, never otherwise than helpful, never censorious. His sympathies have always been wider than his intellectual preferences. He has never, so far as I know, allowed the professional and the personal to get mixed. There were only a very few teachers of my time who made a lasting impression on me; and he was one of them.

I do not perceive any reference to such high qualities in the sketch you have recently published.

A. G. KELLER

Teaching Young Barbarians

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Columbus, Ohio*

SIR—Among the many enjoyable features of your magazine is the umbrage expressed in the "With Our Readers" page. Nothing escapes—neither Capone nor Phelps—and to me the surprises are many. Mr. Dyer this week feels that John Bakeless has harmed "Billy" Phelps. My reaction to the article was just the opposite. I was one of "Billy's" boys twenty-four years ago, and he was my hero; I can still hear his voice. That he has made countless generations of young barbarians love and enjoy Browning is a testimony to ability and also to the production of joy and thought rarely equalled.

In 1906 Billy introduced our class at Yale to Nazimova, then fresh from Russia, and used her in a clinical way to illustrate a remark of —Tennyson, was it—about "the shadows about the mouth of a beautiful woman." We've been grateful ever since. Still I liked Mr. Bakeless, and I'll wager Billy howled with glee. He was never one to set himself on a pedestal. One of the few who could be erudite, and yet fascinating; the great made natural and simple. I can believe he might practice tricks, with that quizzical smile, hoping to be discovered to the end of a double-barrelled laugh. "Ahed they cried." I took Mr. Bakeless in the same way; a genial attempt to get a rise.

ROBERT E. [illegible]EIFFER

Brief but to the Point

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—Hearty congratulations on the article by T. W. Phillips, Jr. in your April 30th issue. You should send a marked copy to every national and state legislator. Would that we had more such men as Mr. Phillips in politics.

JOHN CLEVES SHORT

Control with Liberty

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Hemet, Calif.*

SIR—The article, "Why I Am a Wet," in April 30 number is good and sound. The attempt to force any regulation which is contrary to the basic constitution of human nature will always lead to disastrous results. Personal liberty is a basic condition of self control. You can't deprive a people of personal liberty and at the same time develop self control. They are mutually exclusive and personal liberty is an essential condition of growth and higher development through self control. As the poet, Burns, has it, "Calm, prudent self control is wisdom's root." I am enjoying the Outlook very much.

ANDREW B. EADIE

Wasting Time

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Joliet*

SIR—I am wondering why you and other journals of almost as much intelligence waste so much time advocating the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. There is no need for its repeal, because it has no teeth.

"After one year the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors . . . shall be prohibited."

What is intoxicating liquor? If a human being can drink enough one-half of one per cent beer he may become intoxicated: one teaspoonful of brandy will not intoxicate any one. The amendment does not say what is intoxicating liquor, but "The Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The Eighteenth Amendment may stay in the Constitution until doomsday, and will affect nobody unless the Congress and the several states shall enforce it by appropriate legislation. It is the "appropriate legislation" that has determined what is intoxicating liquor, not the Constitution. We would better repeal that.

Inasmuch as concurrent power is vested in Congress and the several states, why not leave the amendment as it is, without trying to do that difficult thing—and, indeed, the unsafe thing—repealing a part of the Constitution? Then if Georgia or Kansas or Maine desires to pass appropriate legislation to enforce prohibition within their borders, they may.

Better repeal the Seventeenth Amendment and get back to the real government of this confederation of semi-independent states.

JOHN H. GARNSEY

Water Wagon

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Iowa City*

SIR—"We must have liquor; we should secure it legally." That seems to be the main wet premise. And this premise is true for a number of individuals who have acquired the habit.

Must we have liquor? Must our children meet it in friends' homes? "Anonymous" thinks so yet you and I know many fine men and women who live happy, helpful lives without it. We know many fine homes to which our children can go and not meet it. We know that our children can be raised without injury without liquor. Do you not think that "Anonymous" probably wants it himself and offers up his children's welfare as a smoke screen? . . .

Liquor can be compared in some ways to slavery. Slavery was wrong socially and morally. Lincoln solved the slavery problem by complete abolishment. He did not propose that certain people who could treat their slaves well should be allowed to keep them. There were many such slave owners. There are many people today who can use liquor temperately and enjoy it and probably be benefited to a small degree by a temperate use of it. Lincoln did not settle the slavery problem by allowing certain states to own slaves, as some wets propose.

He cut the thing out completely as a surgeon would an infection. His solution was an unfair economic stroke, for many individuals were deprived of property. Many freed slaves would have fared better had they never been freed. Through Lincoln's policy carpet baggers came in; legislatures were ruled by guns; in came the "Tragic Era," but seventy years showed that Lincoln was right.

The present dry act cuts the thing out completely, too, as Lincoln did. That has caused troubles although many of the troubles today are not due to the dry act. But the complete abolition of liquor is causing another "Tragic Era." We'll have to take some more bumps, no doubt. Let's hang on. Your boy and mine will have a safer, richer country dry, in which to live.

And I should like to see, when that day comes, the good old Outlook, which I have revered from my youth up, on the dry band wagon with the rest of us.

JAMES E. STRONKS

Enemies of the Country

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Bristol, Conn.*

SIR—I am a patriotic American, loyal to the Stars and Stripes and regretting the fact that the ignorant and vicious are unwilling to obey the laws that are for the benefit of all. I know, as does every one, that one hundred per cent of the criminals in America are opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment, but what of that? Are they not just as much opposed to the law prohibiting murder?

It is with deep regret that I learn that you plan to ally your publication with the enemies of your country. If you are in earnest in what you say about trying to let down the bars and make crime more easily committed and poverty even more prevalent than it is, why do you attack a law which has been in operation little more than a decade while the law against murder has been on the statute books of civilized nations since the days of Moses, with no better enforcement?

You say you have spent two years in impartial inquiry into prohibition as a national policy. In behalf of justice, why do you not spend the next two years inquiring into the wisdom of prohibiting murder? Why does all your sympathy go out to one particular class of criminals?

In just one point you are correct. The supporters of prohibition will not compromise and will defeat all efforts to modify. As you say, any change in prohibition must be in the nature of more enforcement. We are glad that you realize this.

EVA BROCKETT CASTALDINE

Charity Never Faileth

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *West Willington, Conn.*

SIR—For nearly fifty years we felt we could not get along without the Outlook. Now we feel we cannot get along with it as long as such creatures as Bellamy and his ilk are at the fore. God grant their days may be few.

SARA L. DUNNING

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